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## THURLOW WEED.

OF all Americans who are justly called self-made men, THURLOW WEED is perhaps the most brilliant living example. He was born at Catskill, New York, in the year 1797. From his childhood he was left to his own resources, and a few months would include all the time he ever devoted to schooling. The era of his early struggles was the least propitious for rapid success. The Revolutionary War had left the country poor and depressed, and the discipline that followed gave to youth without fortune naught but what was gained by suffering—the most painful sacrifices and the hardest labor. In the practical school of constant exertion young Weed was taught those lessons that made his manhood so self-reliant and incomparably industrious. Forced contact with thoughtless and selfish task-masters whetted his wits into the observation and study of human character, and probably gave him, from the very beginning, the best culture of a natural shrewdness that has carried him so successfully and so honorably through his long and varied life.

On reaching his majority, he left the rural scenes of Herkimer County, and came to New York City, where for a while he worked as a journeyman printer, and acquired the reputation of being one of the best and most industrious

of pressmen, his determination not being to work eight hours a day, or less, but all the hours his strength would permit. In this temporary residence in the city his chief

sons of the future metropolis. When John Searle brought out his interesting picture of the Park Theatre and its audience, in 1822, Mr. Weed found every face familiar; and

later in life recorded among his warmest friends the principal personages, among whom were Dr. Hosack, Dr. Francis, De Witt Clinton, C. D. Colburn, Henry Brevoort, Robert Lenox, and M. M. Noah.

He finally returned to the country, married, and commenced the precarious business of publishing a newspaper. The farmers were poor, the population sparse, and post-offices few and far between. His history at this time, so far as difficulties and disappointments were concerned, is but the repetition of that of hundreds of young men left to their own resources; but it was redeemed in this: pursued as he was by "hard times," he constantly made reputation for industry, cheerfulness, and ability as a writer of short, telling editorials; and, naturally identifying himself with the grand internal improvement schemes of De Witt Clinton, he gave the stamp of the great statesman to his future life.

In the year 1824 Mr. Weed went to Albany, possessed of a growing family and an inheritance of debt, and dependent upon his labor as a journeyman printer for his support. It was a memorable year in the history



THURLOW WEED.

recreation, in his few leisure hours, was to walk upon the Battery, and occasionally attend the Park Theatre. He thus became acquainted, by sight, with all the principal per-

Albany, possessed of a growing family and an inheritance of debt, and dependent upon his labor as a journeyman printer for his support. It was a memorable year in the history

of national politics, and Albany was the central point. Martin Van Buren, Silas Wright, De Witt Clinton, and others, who have since become famous in the history of the Empire State, were there, occupied with the interests and schemes of the hour.

This era inaugurated the political "caucus," which really takes the nomination of candidates for office from the many and gives the power to the managing few. In this atmosphere of wisdom and folly, of great statesmanship and small ambitions, of patriotism and possible treason, the journeyman printer, unnoticed, and to the magnates of the hour unknown, developed as an inspiration the wonderful and rare power of organizing and giving direction to the intentions and actions of deliberative bodies. Quiet, subtle, and never at fault in his judgment of men, and in the sense of duty to serve the best interests of his country, he conceived the idea of defeating the work of these great wire-pullers. Of his own volition, in dead secrecy, he printed a "mixed ticket," which, being conveniently at hand, was used in joint ballot. Thus the conspiracy was defeated by a divided instead of a unanimous vote, and the caucus party was stricken down by a blow as effective as Fate. The result was that John Quincy Adams, instead of "Mr. Caucus," was elected to the presidency.

That this triumph had its moral effect on Mr. Weed there cannot be a doubt, but it brought no pecuniary reward, for some time after he moved to Rochester, where, with varying fortunes, but constantly-increasing local reputation as an editor, he made interest enough, after two or three years, to return to Albany as editor of the *Evening Journal*, with the stated salary of one thousand dollars a year. He was now in the perfection of vigorous manhood, with his ambition chastened by failures, improved in its direction by great experience, and inspired by many intellectual triumphs; and, what was greater for the certainty of his final success than all things else, he possessed a warm, sympathetic heart, a sincere love for his friends, and an absorbing sympathy for the happiness of mankind. Possessed at last of what he so long desired—"a chance" for the display of his ability—how he used his opportunity, and what he accomplished, involve almost the entire political history of the State for the past forty-five years.

His powerful political influence was acknowledged as early as 1828, when he was credited with having secured the election of De Witt Clinton to the gubernatorial chair. Not a meeting of the Legislature has occurred for the past forty years at which he has not been present, and scarcely a session of Congress has passed at which he has not participated in the most important legislation.

He was a personal friend of Henry Clay, and was long a leader in the old Whig party. He resolutely kept aloof from office-holding, and his success in management made his advice and decisions primal law. His keen perception of character kept him from errors in the choice of laborers and confidants; while the unwavering faithfulness to his friends gave him always a "backing" of influence, personal and political, against which

his enemies seldom organized a successful opposition.

His indorsement was almost essential for the success of a candidate, and his suggestions controlled caucuses and legislatures. While he used this extending power in all instances with conscientious regard for the interests of the State, never receiving any direct reward in offices or honors, it subjected him at times to the bitterest personal abuse, and the most unqualified misrepresentation of his motives. These attacks embittered his life, and caused him on more than one occasion to decide to leave the editorial chair and political controversy, and become a farmer in the solitude of the Western wilderness.

His power to perform constant, active labor has been almost marvelous. It has been his custom, for years and years, to work all day, and then, when traveling, to depend entirely upon the sleeping-car for rest. His movements between Washington, New York, and Albany, have frequently been so rapid that before the papers could chronicle his arrival in one of those places he was hard at work in another.

He probably owes the preservation of his health under such exhausting circumstances to the Napoleonic ability of sleeping soundly whenever he desired rest. For, up to the year 1868, when he suffered from a sunstroke, he could slumber profoundly anywhere and at any hour, and thus happily for the moment relieve himself of the responsibilities and cares which otherwise would have long since consigned his body to a premature grave.

Mr. Weed is personally the best-known man in the country. Like Clay and Van Buren, he is a remarkable example of the wonderful faculty of never forgetting faces or names of persons, no matter how unceremonious may have been the original introduction, or how slight the interview. The personal attention that Mr. Weed receives from the great world is most remarkable, when we reflect upon the fact that he has never been President, nor "a great statesman of the West," nor had the glamour arising from holding public office, nor subjected himself to the necessity of flattering a constituency and soliciting votes. His popularity is founded upon the noblest trait of the human character—a thorough, hearty sympathy for his friends, as for all mankind, especially those, who need assistance and can be encouraged by a kind word or friendly act.

Mr. Weed in person is tall and commanding, with that characteristic stoop so peculiar to Mr. Clay. He speaks slowly, as if he carefully considered his utterances, paying more attention, however, to what they suggest or promise than to their manner of expression; yet there is no feeling on the mind of the listener that he is not always thorough, frank, and sincere.

He captivates those with whom he comes in contact by his intelligence, but especially by his illustrative incidents and anecdotes, suggested by his intimate intercourse with notable people. Eminently practical, keen in perception, and a remarkable judge of character, without office, and without, conse-

quently, any of the accompanying rewards which office bestows, he has exerted more practical influence on the politics of the country than any other single person who has lived since Mr. Weed became prominent in public life.

The names of Weed and Seward have long been associated in the public mind. Their introduction to each other, which began a life-long personal and political friendship, was characteristic of both. In 1824 Mr. Seward made in his own carriage a bridal tour to Niagara Falls. On arrival there, he found in front of his hotel the wreck of a carriage, whose occupants, five or six in number, had been seriously injured. In the crowd he noticed a tall young man, who was affording the most intelligent assistance. His tender care of the wounded, and his encouraging words to all, produced such an impression on Mr. Seward that he impulsively went forward, and made the acquaintance of Thurlow Weed. Ten years later, Mr. Seward, hearing after long suspense the result of the election which made him governor, declared that it was due to Mr. Weed. In the days when stages and canal-boats were the best means of conveyance, Mr. Weed was exceedingly popular with the stage-drivers, the boatmen, and his fellow-travelers. On one occasion, Mr. Seward, in the height of his reputation and popularity, was riding on the driver's seat of a stage-coach, and naturally fell into conversation with the driver. Jehu was very much struck at what he heard, and in his spontaneous admiration turned suddenly and asked—

"Who are you?"

"I'm the Governor of the State of New York," returned Mr. Seward, with the pardonable vanity of expecting to see his interlocutor surprised.

"You Governor of this State!" returned the driver, with a sneer, "you governor—you may be in the lead, but Thurlow Weed is the wheel-horse, and I rather think he's governor."

Early in the civil war the threatening attitude of England and France was the cause of deep anxiety at Washington. The first public movement which the government made toward neutralizing their baleful influence was to send General Scott and Archbishop Hughes to Paris, and Bishop McIlvaine and Thurlow Weed to London. The four commissioners sailed in the same steamer. On arriving at their destinations, they found the feeling of hostility to the government far greater than had been expected. The proposed blockade of the Southern ports, the withdrawal of our cotton from commerce, and the misery consequent upon stopping the looms of Manchester and Lyons, constituted the immediate grievance. The commissioners hardly had time to look about them before news of the capture of Mason and Slidell, the Confederate commissioners, arrived, and increased their embarrassment.

General Scott soon became satisfied that diplomacy was not his field, and returned home. Archbishop Hughes, who was singularly earnest in his desire to serve his adopted country, after an exciting and unsatisfactory interview with Napoleon, concluded to visit the pope.

Paris was thus left without a resident commissioner, whereupon Mr. Weed promptly placed himself in communication with Mr. Dayton, and proceeded with his important mission. Napoleon's constantly-increasing hostility to the Union at last culminated in the preparation of an address to the legislative department of his government, in which he said that England, France, and the world were interested in the preservation of commerce with the Southern States, that the proposed destruction of the harbor of Charleston was contrary to lawful warfare, and that the blockade, imperfectly established by the United States, must be broken. This manifesto was printed, and, in advance of official delivery, sent to London for the sympathetic approval of the English Government, and also circulated secretly for the purpose of stock speculation.

When this information came to the knowledge of Mr. Dayton, he telegraphed to Mr. Weed, who immediately went to Paris, where he determined to have an interview with the emperor. He had provided himself with a letter addressed to a French gentleman in Paris, who had formerly been a prominent merchant in New York City. He delivered this letter, and to his gratification received from the retired merchant a warm welcome, and found in him an intimate, confidential friend of Napoleon. In the interview it was first agreed that Mr. Weed should call on Prince Napoleon, then on the Duke de Morny, and lastly on the emperor.

He found the prince friendly to the Union, and desirous to be of service, but he frankly declared that he was regarded as a republican, and consequently had no influence with the government. The way was now prepared for an interview with the Duke de Morny, and Mr. Weed, in his citizen's dress, repeated the rôle of Franklin in passing, by preference, through long lines of noblemen blazing with decorations and renowned for diplomacy, they being made to wait while Mr. Weed held an especial interview with the representative of the imperial government of France.

After a rather formal reception, in his simple and direct manner he introduced the object of his visit. The duke was at first very decided in his expressions of dislike to the United States, and declared that the blockade of the Southern ports must be broken, adding with some emphasis that the proposed destruction of the harbor of Charleston had no precedent in civilized warfare; and, in support of his position, he alluded to the fact that once, in time of war, the proposition to destroy the navigation of the Scheldt was not permitted to the belligerents.

Mr. Weed replied by calling the attention of the duke to the Treaty of Utrecht (1713), which was called into existence by a war between England and France, in which the latter power was worsted. "In this treaty," said Mr. Weed, "the British Government demanded, as a sacrifice to peace, that France should for all time completely destroy the harbor and fortifications of Dunkirk; and subsequently an English commission was sent to Dunkirk to see that the treaty stipulations had been literally complied with. Now," added Mr. Weed, "the United States Govern-

ment only proposes to obstruct temporarily the harbor of Charleston. The rebellion ended, the harbor will again be opened to the commerce of the world." De Morny could not conceal his surprise at the allusion to the fate of Dunkirk, and made a memorandum of what he heard. As if satisfied, he changed the conversation, and in a few moments the interview was ended.

The result was that, though the emperor's state-paper had been printed and sent to England, yet when it appeared as an official document the passage declaring that the blockade of the Southern ports should be broken had been stricken out, and the attempt to unite England and France in favor of the Confederacy was defeated.

When Mr. Weed, in the year 1813, was an apprentice-boy in Herkimer, a regiment was formed of citizens of the county, under the command of Colonel Petrie. Young Weed was one of the first to volunteer, and was duly mustered into service. The regiment was ordered to Sackett's Harbor for active duty.

When near its place of destination and the soldiers were halted for dinner, an orderly, of course in great haste, dashed up and inquired for private Weed, saying that said private was wanted immediately at the regimental headquarters. When he presented himself, the colonel handed the boy-soldier a quartermaster's commission. This commission is now framed, and is one of the favorite "pictures" in Mr. Weed's parlor. Colonel Petrie, after representing his district in Congress, met with reverses, and it came to Mr. Weed's ears that he could serve him, and he promptly came to the rescue. Colonel Petrie, through Mr. Weed's sense of obligation, is usefully employed in government service, and has for years been kept in his position by the man who never forgets a friendly act.

When he was working in New York as a journeyman printer, and indulging in evening strolls on the Battery, or admiring Charles Matthews and the elder Kean at the Park Theatre, he made the acquaintance of a family whose hospitality made a strong impression on his mind. One of the circle, a young lady, much interested him. Finally, he returned to the country, married, and the incident was comparatively forgotten. Years rolled on, the parents of the young lady died, and she with an only brother was left to struggle with adverse fortune. Mr. Weed, no longer the young printer, but the matured man of the world, found out this history, and from gratitude to the family which had honored him in his early days, kept the brother for more than thirty years in the New York Custom-house.

Mr. Weed says he had no trouble to do this when the Whigs were in power, but when the Democrats had the reins, it required all his management to succeed. But his sense of obligation did not stop here. Four years ago Congress granted the veterans of the War of 1812 a pension. Mr. Weed dusted up Colonel Petrie's commission, and got his pension papers, the proceeds of which he now takes quarterly as a gift to the lady who, fifty-four years ago, was the bright and charming girl of the household that bestowed upon

young Weed its generous hospitality. With these striking illustrations of Mr. Weed's sense of obligation for friendly acts, is it wonderful that he has such an innumerable following, such a world of admirers?

At present Mr. Weed is engaged in writing his autobiography, assisted by his devoted daughter Harriet, and Frederick W. Seward. The material for one volume is in manuscript; when the work will be completed, is uncertain. The constant stream of visitors consumes his time and interrupts his thoughts, and probably it is a relief, after all, to turn from a review of the irrevocable past, to be interested and identified with the cares and pleasures of the present.

We have no space for grave disquisition, and, even if such were the case, we prefer to end our imperfect sketch with one or two illustrative examples of Mr. Weed's goodness and untiring friendship.

His beautiful residence is crowded, not with sets of costly furniture and pictures purchased to order, but *souvenirs* of friends who find it difficult, even in this modest way, to make a return for tenfold kindnesses received. His walls are but hanging-places for well-known faces or pictures valued not necessarily for their artistic worth, but because they illustrate some pleasant incident of place or friendship. The northern exposure of his residence opens upon the charming grounds of — Church, and to people the shade-trees of the lawn with the busy sparrows became a source of intense interest to Mr. Weed—and now the tiny, jolly sparrows and the great statesman and philosopher are the best and most intimate of friends. The little birds, like the suffering poor and unfortunate, know their friend, and may be seen every morning in flocks gathering about the windows of his library. There is, at the appearance of Mr. Weed at the window, a rush of wings and the impatient chirp. They tumble over each other and wrangle for space, and all the morning fly gayly to and fro, loaded with considerately-bestowed bounty. Thus the genial philosopher whiles away the hour not claimed by the demands of charity or serious business of state.

T. B. THORPE.

## AN IDYL OF THE CHURCH.

**D**ID you ever read that most charming of fairy-tales, "The Rose and the Ring"? If so, you will remember the royal family at the breakfast-table—her stout and placid majesty; thin, cadaverous Valerozo; and Angelica in curl-papers.

In a snug up-town rectory, on a frosty winter's morning, not many years ago, sat the mortal counterpart of this illustrious party—Mrs. V—— behind the urn; her sovereign lord, in dressing-gown and slippers, deep in a newspaper; and Miss V——, adorned with those modern beautifiers, crimping-pins, which stuck out like a saintly nimbus round her pert and unsaintly little head. This is not a royal breakfast-table, however, but a real, ordinary, every-day set of people, indeed, who are so intent on eggs and coffee that silence reigns supreme.

King Valeroso, or, to give him his proper title, the Rev. Dr. Vincent, of St. Jonathan's on the Hill, rattles the crackling sheet in his hand and sighs. Elizabeth Leonora glances at her papa with pensive interest. Dear papa is so sensitive! Something sad, doubtless, has occurred; some member of his flock has killed himself or herself, or been murdered; some lost soul doomed to everlasting perdition! She, too, sighs at the terrible depravity of humanity in general, and then concentrates her wandering thoughts upon her egg. Mrs. V.'s mouth is too full to admit of sighing, but there is a spasmodic contraction of the muscles in sympathy with her husband and child, which they understand and appreciate.

The cause in which so much pity is enlisted is a complicated and serious matter, involving no doomed souls particularly, but merely some doomed dollars of the reverend doctor's which he has foolishly invested. Such little *contre-temps* are trying, even to the clerical appetite and temper. The head of the family is irritated, nervous, not himself at all. Placid dignity is usually his chief characteristic, and to-day it has deserted him. A frown gathers upon his brow. He glances sternly over the newspaper at the nimbus-surrounded head of his daughter.

"Bessie" (speaking with concentrated ferocity), "may I ask why you come to the breakfast-table with your hair in that condition?"

"Because, papa, I am going out, and I want it to *crêper*."

"Going out! Where, may I ask?"—the last three words sounding objectionably superfluous.

The answer came with an apologetic and deprecating shake of the nimbus:

"Mr. Smith asked if he might take me to the top of Trinity spire to see the view. I had to say 'Yes,' because I have refused so often before."

"I am sure Mr. Smith is a very good young man," suggests Mrs. V., fully; vaguely conscious of an implied slur in her daughter's manner.

"Did I say he wasn't?" retorts the rector of St. Jonathan's, snappishly. Then, relapsing into dignity: "On the contrary, I esteem him highly, and disapprove entirely of the slighting way in which Bessie speaks of him."

"Why, papa, I only said—"

"You said nothing," interrupts her parent, majestically, "but you implied much; we will not discuss the question now, however. You will oblige me by going to your room and removing those spikes from your hair."

The saint is a martyr now. She rises with any thing but resignation written on her face, and leaves the room with her unclassical nose elevated at a disrespectful angle, if angle there be. She does not slam the door, although the temptation is great; but, when safely on the other side, stamps her pretty foot, saying, with unladylike vehemence:

"How I do hate Smith!"

Meanwhile that ascetic theologian sits in the vestry-room of St. Jonathan's and writes—a sermon, of course. What else should a devout young churchman write in the solitude

of that holy retreat? Several sheets of completed manuscript glide from beneath his pen. "Swimmingly" but inadequately expresses the rate at which he is progressing. Cruden's "Concordance" lies open on the table before him, also Blunt's "Annotated Prayer-Book," Simson's "Skeletons," and the Bible in several volumes, each page seeming to consist entirely of foot-notes. The collection is completed by a volume of medieval history and a dictionary of classical quotations. Eruption and scholarship are evidently the aims of Smith's ambition. He is to preach the following Sunday afternoon, and imagines, with a thrill, the eyes of *somebody* fixed upon him, drinking in with rapture the outpourings of his eloquent soul. This last freak of the imagination rather interferes with the progress of his ideas, and he finds himself scribbling "E. L. V." on the blotting-paper, and then, erasing it in horrified haste, for fear it should come under the eye of a certain young lady's papa. He makes an effort, and concentrates his mind upon the subject he is discussing, i. e., whether the early Christians and other fathers of the Church were sincere in their approval of the celibacy of the clergy. Smith considers this one of the heresies of the dark ages as to which he is justified in feeling skeptical. He manages to complete one more page on this abstruse theme. Then he scribbles more "E. L. V.'s" and blots them out, then looks at his watch, and starts with horror to find it one o'clock! At three he has the appointment with his rector's daughter—only two hours to complete his sermon!

Mr. Smith, it would be well to remark here, has no eccentric scruples against that half-time of the clergy, Saturday evening, but he feels, he *knows*, he will be invited to Dr. Vincent's to dinner, and his everlasting happiness would be destroyed were he obliged to refuse. He plunges on with reckless haste, and completes another page, when an ominous, feeble knock comes on the door.

An uncertain, wandering knock, suggestive of elderly beggars or dreadful parishioners. Smith grinds his teeth, and says, "Come in." The door opens, and a bent figure enters. A frightful tale of woe is poured into his ear. Starvation is the mildest form of misery which this aged creature endures. Smith promises speedy relief, and the old woman departs comforted, but only after a quarter of an hour spent in harrowing details. It is half-past one before he can go on with his work after a furtive glance at the clock. But half another page is finished when another knock comes, this time loud, but respectful. It is the sexton with a note from the church-warden, which is of importance, and requires an immediate answer. Poor Smith, in despair, writes a scrawly, incoherent epistle, and then plunges back among his texts and references. The two interruptions have muddled him sadly. Like "George Eliot," his brain is large, but his action slow. He feels he cannot condense his lengthy train of thought into the remaining fraction of an hour at his disposal. Visions of church-wardens, clerical bandits of the middle ages, fair maidens with brown eyes, and elderly beggars, flit across his mind's

eye. He scribbles more "E. L. V.'s," looks agast at the clock, which now says half-past two, gives it up as a bad job, and relinquishes with a sigh the thought of a cozy evening at the rectory.

He rolls up his manuscript, pushes the books into a corner, brushes his hat, feels a strange temptation to whistle the "Mari sage," but refrains in consideration of the place, and finally scrutinizes himself in the minute mirror which administers to clerical vanity on the wall. Why, he thinks with bitter regret, is he of all mortals afflicted with a nose so entirely out of all proportion to his face—a nose which will get red on such frosty winter days as the present? Why will his short form bulge out at all conceivable places where it should not, and, with his short ecclesiastical dress, make him look nearer forty than twenty-five? He sighs, thinks with despair of "E. L. V.," whose hosts of slender admirers all have moderate features, groans, shakes his fist at the glass, tries to look devil-may-care, fails signally, becomes pensive, and finally puts on his overcoat with a jerk. The hands now mark ten minutes of three. The rectory is next to the church, but he must be punctual, and is therefore much irritated, after rummaging in all his pockets, to find no gloves. Just on the stroke of three he finds them, and is hurrying toward the door, when, horror of horrors! down the long aisle toward him comes the rustle of petticoats. A cold chill runs down his back as he recognizes Mrs. Smyser, the most energetic, indefatigable, objectionately charitable woman of the congregation.

"Ah, Mr. Smith, I am just in time. I thought I should find you here. I want to speak to you about those clothes to be sent to Niahara."

For an instant, we blush to confess, the assistant rector's "carnal mind, regardless of its higher obligation," felt an almost irresistible temptation to say something unpleasant about Niahara. He did not, however, so far forget his priestly calling, but, with polite resignation, showed the lady to a seat.

"She talked and she talked,  
And he pined and he pined."

until at last, rendered desperate by circumstances, he mildly, gently, timidly hinted that he had an engagement at the rectory, and was allowed to escape half an hour behind his time.

He found E. L. V. equipped for walking, tapping her foot impatiently against the fender in the parlor. The metallic nimbus of the morning was replaced by a shadowy golden one, which made an appropriate frame to her piquant little face, which, however, wore a very irritated and unbecoming expression. A bewitching bonnet surrounded her fair locks, and, notwithstanding the frown, in the assistant's eyes she looked altogether irresistible. She remarked ungraciously that she had been waiting half an hour.

"Indeed, I am very, very sorry," cried Smith, remorsefully; "but Mrs. Smyser came and detained me, and I could not tell her to go, and—"

"Well, never mind—I hate Mrs. Smyser. Don't let us stop to apologize now, or it will be dark before we get there."

He followed his fair ideal from the house. He assisted her into an omnibus, and they rode down Broadway. We all know that these jolting vehicles are not conducive to coherent conversation, and, as a natural consequence, both sank into silence.

For days had Smith been looking forward to this happy hour. Her brown eyes had haunted him sleeping, and her sweet smile lived in his mind awake. His thoughts had wandered from the "Confession" to the gilt edges of his prayer-book, which reminded him of her golden hair. Her sweet voice had rung in his ears above the swell of the "Te Deum," at Sassim Corda. For days had his mind dwelt on the bliss of being near her, even in a rattling, shaky omnibus.

Copy-books remark that "in youthful minds anticipation often gives more pleasure than reality." Mr. Smith had an uneasy feeling to this effect, but scorned to acknowledge it even to himself. He was not capable even in thought of disloyalty to his ideal. He felt vaguely unhappy—his state of mind not being improved by the painful consciousness that his nose was becoming gradually redder. He was naturally of a jovial, hearty disposition, but Fate, alas! had been unkind to him in more ways than one. His appearance and name were both against him. He was undeniably ugly and uninteresting looking, and so he was mentally pronounced by the ungenerous young critic by his side. His sponsors in baptism had thought proper to bestow upon him the title of Algernon Sydney, which, with Smith, made a most unlucky combination, as it debarred him almost completely from a Christian name. The first was too historically grand to precede the surname, and the other, an excellent name in itself, became absurdly suggestive when connected with Smith and the sacred profession. It has been said by a great novelist that a man with the name of a celebrity cannot succeed, as more must be expected of him than from a simple "John" or "Thomas." On first hearing his high-sounding title, the temptation was irresistible to draw some sort of a comparison between this unhappy young man and his two illustrious namesakes. He appreciated the absurdity of the thing himself, and was weighed down by the weight of his name.

Strange to relate, the frown was clearing from his companion's brow. Her spirits rose as his diminished, notwithstanding that she was there against her will, that he had kept her waiting, and that he was ugly and a clergymen—four undeniable and indisputable facts which justified, in her frivolous mind, the half-suppressed ill-temper with which he had been received. But there was something consoling in the evident misery caused by her hasty words. It has been said that, however much indifference or even dislike a woman may entertain for a man who is in love with her, she cannot fail but respect the good taste he displays in his appreciation of her charms. So, the more utterly woe-begone and crushed Mr. Smith looked, the more it soothed Miss Vincent's irritated spirit. She laid the flatteringunction to her soul, and her frown softened into a smile of pitying benevolence.

As a general thing, Algernon Sydney was not given to morbid feelings, and in this case, after little melancholy reflection, his brow also cleared when he saw the smile returning to his companion's face. When they alighted at their destination, there was very visible improvement in the expression of both since the outset.

The day was very cold, and, even at this hour in the afternoon, the pale December sun was sinking slowly down behind the hills beyond the New Jersey shore. The usual hurrying crowd of pedestrians thronged Broadway, with faces pinched with cold and coat-collars turned up over their ears. They entered the church to find only the sexton dozing in one of the pews. He took no notice of the visitors, and they passed through the massive door into the tower, and began the ascent. After the first steep flight of steps, up which Smith pulled himself by means of the swinging rope against the wall, his breath was entirely gone, and he sank, gasping, on a bench at the first landing. His companion regarded him with scornful amazement.

"Tired already!" she exclaimed, and then sprang on upward, past the bells, up into the spire. He caught glimpses of her fluttering skirts on the winding stairs above, while gusts of piercing winter air blew in eddies round the stone corners. He started up after her, panting on steadily. She looked down from above, laughing and shaking her head coquettishly at her heavy admirer. At the next landing she waited for him.

"How cold it is!" she said, with a shiver; "and it looks like snow." She pointed out a small piece of gray sky which was visible through the oblong slit that served as a window.

"Shall we go back?" gasped Smith.

"Go back!" with much scorn; "no, indeed!" and, once more, she sped on upward.

The next stopping-place was the inclosed parapet at the base of the spire. Here Miss Vincent insisted upon straining her neck over to look down into the street below, heedless of her companion's remonstrances as to the danger of this operation. He was obliged to use all his self-control to restrain himself from seizing her by her fluttering raiment and dragging her forcibly from the edge; but he knew that to yield to the temptation would be to disgrace himself irretrievably. As might have been expected, she was seized with sudden dizziness, and, clasping her hands before her eyes, gave a small shriek, which sent his heart to his mouth. He pulled a bench to a corner sheltered from the wind, and persuaded her to sit down.

"How nice!" she said, graciously, making room for him beside her; "sit down, Mr. Smith, and tell me what every thing is."

He obeyed joyously, and began pointing out Broadway, Wall Street, the North and East Rivers, New Jersey—"

"I know all that," she interrupts, impatiently; "I can see. I know the water when I see it, and the Battery, and Castle Garden, and all the other things; but what is that great building over there?" pointing indefinitely to the remote horizon.

Mr. Smith, unfortunately, had no idea.

"Where does that smoke come from?

How funny the people look! Is not the river narrow between here and Brooklyn? There is the pier of the new bridge! Ah, Mr. Smith, it is lovely up here—let us stay a long, long time!"

Algernon Sydney was in raptures. She gave him a melting glance, the effect of which he afterward described to friend as sending a "tickle" through his veins. The friend suggested that he had experienced a "thrill." At this rate, he might unburden his heart before they reached *terra firma*. To be sure, the wind was whistling round the steeple with astonishing velocity, and he was temporarily depressed by catching a glimpse of his nose; but the next remark entirely disarmed him by its coquettish simplicity.

"Wouldn't you like to stay up here always, Mr. Smith?"

"Wouldn't I?" he repeated, fervently, looking at her in a way to melt a stone.

"Even in the cold?"

"Even in the cold," he repeated, gathering courage; "how could it be cold with you near me?" After the words had escaped him, he watched their effect, breathless. She blushed, but laughed.

"Really, Mr. Smith, I did not expect you to make pretty speeches—that sounded more like Charlie Smyser."

N. B.—Charlie Smyser was Smith's hated rival, the son of the lady who had called on him at St. Jonathan's.

"Indeed," he responded, grimly; "I feel flattered."

"You have no idea of the number of pretty things he says—but I did not expect it from you."

"I am not so accomplished as Mr. Smyser," emphasizing the "Mr." with concentrated bitterness.

"He is horrid, and so very sentimental! I am sure you are a great deal nicer."

"Do you really think so? Is it possible?" cries Smith, overwhelmed.

"It is not much to be nicer than a person who is horrid, is it?" says the monster, negatively, affirmatively, and interrogatively.

"No," he answers, crushed, while she looks over the parapet to hide a smile, and he gazes hopelessly at the back of her neck. Presently she relents, and turns round smiling.

"Don't look so melancholy, Mr. Smith. How can you look so when there is all this beautiful world around us?" taking in the horizon with a sweep of the hand. He does not reply, but plays with his watch-chain nervously.

"Are you offended with me, Mr. Smith?"

"No," with an effort.

"Don't you think it is beautiful—every thing?" with another comprehensive wave of the hand.

"Yes; but you are more beautiful than all."

"Really, Mr. Smith," laughing uneasily, "is not that rather flat?"

"Yes, I am flat in every way," he answered, gazing at her with despairing earnestness.

"Indeed? I always thought you were round!" and the heartless creature absolutely laughed merrily. Poor Smith turned away

from her hopelessly, and she, as usual, relented instantly, and begged his pardon. "I treat you very rudely—pray, forgive me."

"I should forgive you any thing," he answered.

"You are very good-natured."

"With you—O Miss Vincent, if you only knew!"—seized with a sudden impulse, and plunging on recklessly—"if you only knew how!"

"How horribly cold it is here!" she interrupts suddenly, with suppressed and ludicrous terror looking out of her eyes. "Let us go higher up, where it is sheltered, and look at the view there."

And she flies up the steps, leaving Smith in the midst of his avowal, gazing after her dumbfounded. For once, however, he will not be balked, and hurries after her with a fixed resolution to have it out, or die in the attempt. He finds her at the highest landing of all, gazing out through the narrow stone opening, while the wind blows the nimbus in a cloud about her face.

"It is very bracing," she says, suppressing a shiver, while a few snow-flakes fly through the window, and are whistled about; "and look, it is snowing!—Let us go, Mr. Smith."

He stands on the upper step, and bars her flight. His own eagerness and the wind have disheveled his uncertain-colored locks. His nose glows like a ruddy beacon from the midst of his face, which is pale with excitement. He has mashed his clerical hat over his eyes to keep it from being blown away. He is panting from the exertion of running up so many steps. He is unromantic, unsentimental, unattractive, but horribly in earnest, and almost weeps as he addresses her.

"Wait one minute, Miss Vincent. I must speak to you. I must tell you how I love you—how I adore you!"

"O Mr. Smith, it is snowing fast; do, pray, let us go!"

"Not until you tell me if I have any hope—if there is any chance of your returning my feelings."

He rises before her like a stout Nemesis in a black coat.

"Please let me pass, Mr. Smith!" in a voice of supplication.

"Not until you answer me!"

"I can't answer you," alarmed and desperate; "you have no right to keep me here. Let me go."

"I must have an answer."

"Very well, then; I hate you!" she cries, angrily.

He stands quietly to one side and she rushes past him down the stairs.

Down she went like a small torrent of un-suppressed wrath. Algernon Sydney's unfortunate vehemence had frightened her out of her senses. Her only idea was to get out of his reach as soon as possible. She narrowly escaped pitching headlong down the narrow, winding stairway in her haste. He followed crushed and silent. As he reached the lowest landing she ran down the first few steps of the flight below. The heavy door resisted her efforts to push it open. She rattled the knob impatiently, obliged unwillingly to await his assistance.

"Will you be kind enough to open the

door, unless you have locked it, Mr. Smith?" she says, ungenerously. She stands, and he tries to obey, but fails. He turns the knob and pushes with all his force, but it does not move; it is evidently locked on the outside. Poor Smith, for an instant, is paralyzed with horror.

"We are locked in," he gasps.

Miss Vincent turns pale and leans against the wall, while he kicks the massive timber and shouts through the keyhole at the top of his voice. There is no answer. He pauses to listen, but not a sound comes through the wood; nothing to be heard but the steady roar of the street without. His companion faces him with sudden fury.

"How dare you do this, Mr. Smith? Open the door at once!"

He stares at her in blank amazement.

"Surely you do not think—"

"Never mind what I think; only, for Heaven's sake, open the door!" she cries, frantically.

"I can't," says Smith.

At this, she rushes to the nearest window which faces the church, and calls shrilly for help. Of course there is no response; who could hear her weak voice above the roar of Broadway? Failing in this, she runs rapidly up the steps to the landing above, where a small round loop-hole looks into the nave of the church at the point of the arch. She tears away the wire screen which protects it, with trembling fingers, and, kneeling, puts her head through, and looks down into the great vacant edifice. She calls aloud repeatedly, her voice echoing around the stone arches mockingly. The fading daylight is shining feebly through the west window, bringing out in faint colors the saint's throne. One cold, lingering ray is reflected on the head of the brass eagle of the lectern. The body of the church is filled with deep, black shadows. Not a living soul is to be seen. The sleepy sexton has locked the great doors, and is now probably eating his supper comfortably, surrounded by his family. With a despairing gesture Miss Vincent rushes past the miserable Smith, who has followed her, and flies higher up still, to the first narrow slit above, which looks down on Broadway. It is snowing violently now, and the air is filled with a whirling, blinding mass. She can hardly distinguish the crowd, who are still hurrying homeward, as it is almost dark. She shrieks aloud and waves her handkerchief. She might wave and shriek till doomsday without being heard above the combined roar of the storm and the street. No one is thinking of the dark steeple above his head. All are intent on getting home out of the cold, snowy night. She dissolves into tears of sheer despair. Algernon Sydney is at his wits' end.

"What shall we do?" she cries. Before he can answer, a great, deep "boom!" close to their ears makes them start—another and another. The church clock is striking five. A sudden inspiration crosses the minds of both. The bells! Why had they not thought of them before? He hurries down, throws off his coat, and is about to climb over the wooden railing which shuts off the chimes, when suddenly he pauses, and his face is once more clouded with despair.

"Hurry! hurry!" cries his companion, impatiently, "why do you wait?"

"Miss Vincent," he stammers, "if I ring the bells and draw a crowd, we will be in all the newspapers to-morrow morning."

Horrible thought! She sinks despairing on a bench, visions of sensational reports flashing through her mind.

Great excitement at Trinity Church last evening! A sudden violent ringing of the bells attracts a large crowd, to find a pair of unfortunate lovers made captive in the spire. We understand that the lady is the only and beautiful daughter of a well-known up-town clergyman," etc.

Suddenly a smile of hope illuminates Smith's unhandsome features. He hastily resumes his coat and takes a card and pencil from his pocket. He writes on the card: "Please go at once for the sexton of Trinity Church. Some one is shut up in the spire."

He drops this noncommittal production from an upper window, and watches its fate eagerly. It is whirled about by the wind and flutters down within the railing, unnoticed and unseen, like a large snow-flake from above. He writes another. It blows round out of sight, down on the white sheet which is slowly covering the graves. Another and another, which meet with a like fate; the wind is in the wrong direction, and they flutter down within the inclosure or against the church, unheeded by the hurrying crowd without. His stock is exhausted save one, which he turns over anxiously in his fingers. It is so dark now that he can hardly see the letters which he forms. He feels a sudden sinking of the heart as he is about to commit his last hope to the raging elements without.

"Tie it to a stone," suggests his companion, who is watching him with anxiety. This is somewhat impracticable, however, as there is no stone to be seen but the solid walls that shut them in. He glances over the bare floor and seizes a small board which is lying in a corner. He sticks the card through a crack and flings it out with all his force. It may kill somebody, but what matter when two innocents are in such desperate straits? They watch its fall with bated breath. A faint distant clatter as it strikes the pavement, hardly audible above the noise of the storm. They strain their eyes through the gloom. Surely some one must have seen it! A small boy with a bundle of papers under his arm, actually stoops over it. There is a blinding gust of snow in their faces, which makes them draw back momentarily, and when they look again the boy is gone and the board kicked carelessly into the gutter.

Miss Vincent gives a wail of despair. Rendered desperate by her distress, Smith determines to ring the bells, be the result what it may. He once more climbs over the railing. Two only are within his reach; they are detached and without ropes. Repairs have been going on, and the bells are out of gear. He clings to the railing, and kicks frantically at the nearest. It sways slightly, but there is no sound. He tries again with renewed vigor. It tilts up and displays a great, vacant mouth—the clapper has been removed! The other is in the same condition, and the rest are shut off completely.

from outside interference. The last possible hope is gone, and he returns despairing to his companion's side.

"I am so cold, Mr. Smith!" she says, looking at him pathetically, with her teeth chattering; "must we stay here all night?"

"I am afraid so."

"But we will freeze to death! And what will people say?" even at this tragic moment thinking of the proprieties.

"I don't know," answers Smith, feebly, visions of Octave Feuillet's *jeune homme pauvre* fitting through his mind, and that heroic youth's self-sacrifice under similar circumstances. Surely he cannot be expected to leap from one of those narrow slits to be crushed on the flags below! He feels that he is a model young man and a clergyman—surely such desperate acts will not be required of him. He persuades his companion to descend to the first landing, where the benches are comparatively sheltered, where the snow does not come, but where the wind howls dismally. It is almost dark now, and the storm rages without. Miss Vincent cowers in the corner; Smith sits opposite, shivering and forlorn.

"This is terrible!" she says, with a tear trickling down her nose, and waxing unreasonable as the force of the situation grows upon her; "why did we come here? Why did you ask me to come? Oh, I know—I had almost forgotten!"

Smith is too miserable to reply. She works herself up gradually:

"What will papa say? What will everybody say? And what will he think?"

"Who is he?" gasps Smith, roused by a sudden sharp pang of jealousy.

She disregards the question utterly, but repeats distractedly:

"What will he think of my being shut up here with you? Oh!"—with sudden fury—"I wish you would go away—higher up—anywhere—as far as you can! I hate to have you near me!"

The long-suffering man obeys mechanically. He toils wearily upward, and sits in a bleak corner with the snow blowing about his ears. Fifteen minutes elapse, and he is reduced to a state of extreme cold, when a shrill voice comes up from the darkness below.

"O Mr. Smith! Please come down! There are rats here!"

A man of any spirit would have refused flatly, and punished the fair tyrant, but not so Smith. He lies breathless to the rescue. The darkness is so intense now as to be painful. He cannot distinguish the beloved outline, only hears gasps of terror in his neighborhood.

"I heard a noise," she says, actually drawing near enough to send a thrill through his veins; "do you think it was a rat?"

"Certainly not!" he answers, while a suspicious rustle under the bench makes him draw his feet up suddenly.

"Did you hear that? It is a rat! Oh, I shall die!"

"It is the wind," says Algernon Sydney, indulging in an unclerical prevarication, and under cover of the darkness stretching his feet out on the board; "do not be frightened, my beloved!"

His beloved draws back suddenly, and all visions of objectionable rodents fade from her mind.

"You are a horrid man to speak to me so! You would not dare to do it if 'he' were here!"

Smith groans, and relapses into silence. Why is he denied the privilege of impregnating this mysterious "he" who interferes so materially with the harmony of their intercourse? If ever profanity were justifiable, is it not under such circumstances as these? The wind rushes through above their heads in unearthly howls; something scurries across the floor, and goes flop, flop down the steps. Spent snow-flakes whirl down into their faces as they sit shivering in silent misery. Smith's nose has become so entirely destitute of feeling that he involuntarily puts his hand up to feel the place where it should be. His companion presently asks what time it is, in a voice as unlike her former snappishness as possible. Before he can answer the clock begins to strike—six. Only six! Thirteen hours at least before the sexton will come in the morning to look after the fires! Where will these poor prisoners be then? To judge from the present rate at which the temperature is diminishing, they will be frozen stiff long before daylight. This thought is too much for Miss Vincent's composure. Visions of her bereaved family rise before her mind's eye. Stately King Valeroso in sackcloth and ashes; Mrs. V. weeping, and not to be comforted! And he! Prematurely old, crushed, broken-hearted, and shunning the world—cherishing in his shattered existence an undying devotion to his frozen love! This last thought is a consolation, although a poor one. Notwithstanding which, Smith hears sounds of hysterics.

"Be calm, for Heaven's sake!" he cries.

"How c—a—c—can I?"

Silence reigns once more. The quarter strikes. Another. No sound except the wind whistling and Smith's teeth chattering. Another quarter. More snow whirling around the corner. Something tumbles down the steps with a squeak. Seven o'clock. Only two hours since the fatal discovery was made! Twelve more to look forward to! Faint hysterical sounds again—quickly suppressed. Three more quarters strike, and when the eight strokes sound above the storm, they are followed by a wail of despair.

"I shall either die or go crazy!"

Algernon Sydney receives this cheerful communication in blank horror. He only says, "Don't!" in a voice of agony.

"Mr. Smith"—with faint but resigned desperation—"can't you pray, or do something?"

We blush to write his answer to this appeal. He stammers, helplessly:

"It would do no good!"

Another invisible form frisks audibly across the floor, unheeded in the agony of the moment. What are rats to souls so sorely tried? They once more sink into despairing silence, and time wears on. Three more quarters strike, and then nine booms sound mockingly overhead. How relentlessly deliberate the sacred timepiece is in tolling off those weary hours!

For the first time, the recollection of his unfinished sermon flits across Smith's mind. And this was the evening he had contemplated spending so snugly at the rectory, basking in the smiles of E. L. V., and encouraged by parental good-will! He executes a bitter internal sneer at the vanity of human wishes, and then a cold blast from above sends all thoughts out of his head but present misery.

"In happy homes he saw the light  
Of household fires gleam warm and bright,"

while he, alas, shivered on the cold stone!

How quiet his companion is! He speaks to her softly.

No answer.

"Miss Vincent!" he calls, aloud.

Still no reply.

"My beloved! my angel!" he calls, frantically stretching out into the darkness.

"Who spoke? Where am I? Charlie! Ah!"—with a scream that makes him shiver—"I remember! I was asleep, and dreamed of him. Why did you wake me?"

Smith feels himself turn pale at the horrible significance of the name she utters.

"I was frightened when you did not answer," he explains, in a voice trembling with emotion.

"Did you think I was dead? I wish I was!"—laughing wildly, though checking herself abruptly. "Hark! Did you hear that?"

A distant sound of a door shutting comes through the loop-hole near them. She gropes her way to it nervously. Oh, joy! oh, bliss unspeakable! The sound of voices comes up from below, and through the intense darkness of the church a light is shining. She calls aloud, and this time her words echo through the stone arches not in vain.

"Is that you, Bessie?" calls up a familiar voice from below. "Where are you?"

"Oh, here, papa, in the spire! Open the door, quick!" She turns to her companion, saying, hysterically, "Let us get out of this horrible place!"

They feel their way slowly down the steep stairway, and pause before the door, in the lock of which a key is moving. It swings heavily back on its hinges, and three dark figures appear, lighted by

"... the lantern dimly burning."

Angelica is folded, weeping, in Valeroso's arms. The sexton regretfully deplores the carelessness which has led to such unhappy consequences, while the rays from his light fall upon the tall figure of the third in the group, showing features that confirm Smith in his fatal suspicions, and petrify him with despair. Smyser!—Smyser glaring at him out of the darkness!

"Charlie," says Angelica, turning to him, still weeping, and speaking in a tone which lacerates the remaining fragments of her unhappy admirer's heart, "what must you think of me?"

The light flickers before Smith's eyes, and a sinking feeling, something akin to sea-sickness, overcomes him so suddenly that he loses the reply to this tender self-reproach. He feels, however, that it is reassuring, and smiles a ghastly benediction on them.

A few minutes later a carriage drove up Broadway, containing two subdued and two dignified individuals. The first stoppage was to let out the unhappy assistant. He dared not raise his eyes to the fair Angelica, who, exhausted and disheveled, leaned on her father's shoulder.

"Good-night," says Valeroso, stiffly.

"Good-night," says Smyser, bellicosely; and the door shuts.

"Papa"—very faintly, and with renewed tears—"I never want to see that horrid man again!"

Mr. Smith was debarred from preaching the following Sunday afternoon by a severe attack of rheumatism, which confined him to the house for several days. Strange to relate, after his recovery he never made use of the unfinished manuscript on the celibacy of the clergy.

And that perverse, inconsistent girl actually married Smyser!

E. D. B. R.

## MY STORY.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

(From Advance-Sheets.)

### CHAPTER XXX.

#### THE POWER OF HOPE.

I soon went back to Madame La Peyre. Angélique was coming out of the room; there were tears in her eyes, but she looked very happy.

"Well," I said, "she is to be told; you are not going to keep it from her?"

"Madame will tell mademoiselle;" and Angélique stood aside to let me pass, as if she had no voice in the matter, although I knew perfectly well that Madame La Peyre had been guided by her judgment.

"You must be patient, Gertrude," madame says, looking up from her embroidery, "and you must not be romantic. Angélique thinks that we may tell the news gently, but not till to-morrow morning."

"And suppose she is worse this afternoon, and dies?" How can these two old women delay? They forget how young people live on hope.

Madame shook her head.

"The doctor said this morning that we must be very careful. It seems that the sleep she has now fallen into is a sort of crisis; therefore, we must be patient till to-morrow."

Again I felt suppressed by madame's calm wisdom—so much deeper than I had expected from her; and yet what a thing is life-wisdom!

About nine o'clock in the evening Mrs. Dayrell roused. Madame La Peyre was sitting by her, for Angélique had lain down to get a little rest after her long, anxious watching. I was near madame, but she signed to me to go away as soon as the sick woman moved.

I had not been down-stairs half an hour,

when madame came hurrying into the parlor. She seated herself in perfect silence, and, when I looked, I saw that she was disturbed—frightened, I fancied.

"What has happened—is she alone?"

"No." Then madame's penitence overcame her, and she wiped her eyes. "Ah, ma petite! it is all very easy to preach to you about imprudence, but it is difficult to act out one's own teaching. I do not know how—I fancy our poor Barbara is too clever for me—but in some way she has divined from my face that I have a secret which I am keeping from her. Then she raises herself and cries out, 'You have news of Henri; tell me—tell me quick.' What will you, Gertrude? I was alone, and I cannot be hard, and take away from my poor Barbara this crumb of hope of which she seems to make so much. So I say to her all which Mr. Howard has said. 'I will see Mr. Howard—now, this minute;' and my poor Barbara sits upright in bed, with a large red spot on each cheek, and her eyes so bright, that I am in terror. 'Do you hear me?' she says, angrily, 'go and send for this person.' I got up and went and told Angélique, and Angélique says I must now send for Mr. Howard, and that she is anxious for Barbara. It is possible, my child, that there may be a relapse;" and Madame La Peyre began to cry very pitifully.

She had sent a messenger to the rectory before she came to me, and while I was still trying to comfort her, the boy came back with a little penciled note. It was from Mrs. Tracey. The rector and his visitor had gone to Charlford, and were not expected back till next morning. I hear this morning that Mrs. Dayrell could not be pacified, and she has been awake all night.

I do not think Madame La Peyre has slept either, her eyelids look so red and swollen as she sits opposite me at breakfast.

We have just finished breakfast, and Mrs. Cornish comes in:

"The gentleman as came yesterday be in the lane," she said; "him'll be comin' this way, I'm thinking. Shall I show he in?"

Madame La Peyre had to make such an effort at composure, that I think she will not be able to lecture me on my enthusiasm, as she calls it, for some time to come.

"The dear, good man!" she said. "Yes, yes, Mrs. Cornish, I will go and meet him."

I shrink from Mr. Howard, or I, too, would go and meet him. I long to tell him that Mr. Dayrell must be brought back to his wife. Now that they know how they love one another, they cannot surely quarrel again. It seems to me that love blots out all faults. I am sure whatever Eugène may do, I shall always think him right. The snow has melted near the house, and I stand looking at the dear little flowers just outside our window. Mrs. Cornish has filled a shelf there with pots of yellow and purple crocuses; there are some exquisite white ones, too, and a few delicate primroses. It is very sweet to look at them: but it seems strange to be having winter and winter flowers in January. I think I like best to watch the delicate blue-green of the slender snow-drop stems making their way out of the brown

mould, and hanging down their white bells as if the stalk were too fine to hold them erect. The primrose-leaves, too, are so exquisite. When they come out all freshly unrolled they are like the delicate net-work inside a dear little baby's hand.

Our baby has been sent away, lest it should disturb Mrs. Dayrell. I did not think I should miss the merry little darling so much; but it is such a dear little time-waster! Madame La Peyre never likes it to come into the parlor. I do not think she is very fond of babies; but I often see Angélique carrying it in her arms, and I always stop and play with it a few minutes as I go in and out. I wonder if trouble, and tears, and vexations, will come to it some day?

Till now I have scarcely had time or will to reason out my father's letter. This morning it presses on my heart like lead. Disobedience feels like sin, and yet I consider that, loving Eugène as I do, it would be wicked to think of myself as married to Captain Brand. I am willing to bear my own faults. I love Eugène of my own free-will; and, if this is wrong, I will bear any suffering that may come from it. But I was married without my will. That was not my fault; I had nothing to do with it. I was like a doll, or an automaton; and I will not make that which was only a weakness into sin and misery. If my father knew about Eugène, surely he would change his opinion.

I do not know what to do. Shall I write to Captain Brand, and tell him all the truth?—this will set me free from this horrible deceit and concealment. But how can I confess to him or to any one that I love Eugène? No, no; the very thought scorches my face with shame; and, besides, even if I could get courage to say it, Captain Brand does not think of me as a woman, he is so calm, and cold-blooded, and reasonable. He will answer: "You are only a child; you don't know your own mind. By the time I come back to live in England, you will have grown to like me."

Yes; there is no use in trying to deceive myself, but that is the calm, common-sense view Captain Brand will take; and that is the calm, common-sense life he means me to lead. I will not lead it.

All at once, as I reach this point, I remember my last idea about Captain Brand; that he no longer cares about being married to me, and may perhaps wish himself free to marry some one else.

If this is so, it is better to appeal to him, and not to my father. Madame La Peyre says she expects him in February, and he has promised to write beforehand and announce his arrival.

I will wait till February, and then I will write and tell him exactly what I feel; and ask him not to see me again, but to try and get this marriage set aside.

Just as I made this resolution, Madame La Peyre came back.

"Well," I said, eagerly, "is it all right? is it her husband?"

"Ah, my dear child, I cannot tell you. Barbara has told me to go away, and Angélique also. She will not speak before us."

I have been waiting for Mr. Howard, but he is still with her."

I forgot my dread of seeing Mr. Howard, in eagerness about this story which is acting under my eyes. I felt intensely interested in Mr. and Mrs. Dayrell.

We had not to wait long for Mr. Howard. He looked so benevolent, and so delighted to see me, that I lost some of my shrinking.

"Ah!" he shook both my hands heartily. "You are less surprised to see me than I was to hear that you were in Merton. I told you that my home was in the south of England."

"I remember now," I said.

"And how is Captain Brand?"

I flushed angrily.

"I have not seen him lately."

And then dear Madame La Peyre came to my help, and said several pleasant sentences to Mr. Howard, in that charming, graceful way which makes her so different from any one I ever saw. If I had been born in France, then perhaps I could have answered Mr. Howard easily and sweetly, instead of turning red and looking cross. It must be so pleasant to have, by nature, a manner that is always sweet and courteous, and yet which has the air of perfect sincerity. Madame La Peyre is so simple. Mrs. Tracey's politeness is a very poor imitation; as much like the original as a French translation of one of Shakespeare's plays is.

Mr. Howard is not quick-witted or graceful; he is very downright and abrupt.

"Do you expect the captain down again soon?" He turned to me almost while Madame La Peyre was speaking.

I wanted to put an end to his questions, but I did not know what to say.

"No," I say, coldly; "but really I know very little about him. I have only seen him once since he brought me to Madame La Peyre."

There is a silence. I think Mr. Howard is looking perplexed.

Madame began at once to question him about Mrs. Dayrell.

"I think your doctor has frightened you," he said, gravely. "Mrs. Dayrell does not appear to me to be so very ill. I should not leave her much alone with her own fancies, if she were in my charge. Adieu, madame; I will see her again soon."

And then he hurried off. "Mrs. Tracey is waiting," he said; and he resisted all Madame's persuasions to repose himself a few moments. He looked very earnestly at me as he shook hands, as if he wished to say something, then he stopped and chatted an instant with the poor, sick man in the inglenook; told Mrs. Cornish, laughingly, that her floors wanted rolling; and then went off smiling through the pig-yard. I felt relieved when he was quite out of sight.

"That is a good man," madame said; "but he is more brusque than Mr. Tracey is."

"Ah! but he is sincere; I am sure he is. May I go and see Mrs. Dayrell to-day?"

"We will consult Angélique;" and again I saw the unwilling look on Madame La Peyre's face.

I believe it is this unwillingness of Madame's that makes me care to go and see

Mrs. Dayrell. What a strange feeling opposition is! but I suppose there is good in it. It is not that I want every one to agree with me—it is impossible that all can think alike—but, somehow, I generally feel in opposition to received ideas. Received ideas are so dull, and faded, and monotonous, there is nothing new or fresh in them. Besides, without opposition, there would be less power of improvement. I begin to believe that opposition is a necessity, and that without it life would be insupportable; it gives the glow and variety needful to existence. One sees this, even in such a thing as a Devonshire brook; if there were not those lumps of granite to fight, and struggle, and foam against, the water would grow dull from mere sluggishness; instead of which, it gets rid of weeds and other stray visitors, as it fights and dashes itself against the stones, and comes out brighter and clearer from the foam.

But I had the prudence to await Angélique's counsel, and when she came downstairs and heard Madame La Peyre's doubt, I was rewarded.

"Pourquoi non?" says Angélique, and then her cheery eyes search my face and comprehend the state of matters.

"Allons, mademoiselle; madame will like to see you as soon as she has rested a little. It is wonderful to see the change in madame," she says to her mistress; "even the voice of our poor madame is stronger. I have not seen her look so happy since she has come here."

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

##### MES. DAYRELL'S ADVICE.

I WAS not allowed to see Mrs. Dayrell that day or the next—not till she had had another long talk with Mr. Howard. Madame La Peyre and I were out walking when he came, and I was not sorry to miss him. I was surprised to see the change in the invalid. The feverish look had left her face, and I saw what a beautiful power hope is; the haughty curl had unloosed from her mouth; her eyes even looked smaller and more at rest. There was impatience, however, in her voice.

"You can go now, ma mère, and do not come back while Miss Gertrude is here."

Angélique went, and then the wild blue eyes fixed on me with an eagerness that filled me with fear; there was so much consciousness in the look they gave.

"First, I am going to tell you something which will please you. Angélique says that you"—blush flickered on her face—"little busybody that you are, have taken interest in my affairs, and you know that your friend Mr. Howard has brought me good news." She paused for breath; she had spoken faster than I had ever heard her speak before. "What do you say, Gertrude, are you ready to go back to Normandy? I am going."

I look at her in wonder; there was a strength in her voice, and a light in her eyes, which made me think she was really fit to travel—this woman who, a few days ago, seemed dying, and over whom Madame La

Peyre had been shedding so many tears, and I had thought I was saying good-by to her forever.

But her words opened a prospect of escape, and took me back at once to myself.

"I should like to go back to Normandy very much." I did not know what more to say, because Mrs. Dayrell had never spoken to me of her husband.

Her lips curled with the old bitterness for a moment.

"There are some things which look best at a distance. I remember a line in an old poet I read when I was your age, Gertrude; it is full of truth:

"Tis expectation makes a blessing dear."

Perhaps you will find Normandy dull, child; but, at least, I have something to look forward to. I did not think life had any excitement left in it."

She paused, and a gentler, more pensive look came into her eyes. I felt relieved. I had had a mingled feeling in asking to see Mrs. Dayrell. I dreaded that Mr. Howard might have told my secret, and I did not want her to know it.

I must have looked graver than usual. I have felt grave and much older since my father's letter came.

"What ails you, child?" said Mrs. Dayrell, looking keenly at me; "you are dull and ill; your eyes have lost all their brightness. I believe I am the gayest of the two, after all; selfish people are always young-looking, you know; they never burden themselves with the anxieties and cares of others; but I am not wholly selfish, Gertrude—at least, not this morning. I am in harmony with the whole world just now, and happiness gives wisdom sometimes, and I want to speak to you about yourself while my wise mood lasts. Sit down. I never can speak while you stand ready to run away."

For an instant I thought I would run away. I knew by instinct what was coming, and I could not trust myself to talk of that to Mrs. Dayrell. Madame La Peyre's gentleness and courtesy, and perhaps a certain reverence I felt for her, kept me somewhat in check, even about Captain Brand, and, although Angélique was only a servant, there was an indescribable power in her which enforced self-control on me; but with Mrs. Dayrell I felt no outward help; in her presence all the lawless, rebellious part of my nature stirred—nothing in her appealed to my reverence—only the simple fear of doing her harm by agitation had more than once kept me from open disagreement with her.

I sat down when my brief struggle was over, and she began:

"Mr. Howard has told me about your voyage home, Gertrude. I suppose you had been warned against confiding in me; but you might have trusted me. I have half a mind to be angry that you have not told me what it seems even Angélique knows—I mean your marriage."

She waited a little before she said these last words.

I hardly felt angry. A circle was closing round me; a feeling, more like despair than anger, whispered, "You will not free yourself."

"I have not told any one," I said, coldly.  
"Madame La Peyre told Angélique."

I did not look at Mrs. Dayrell, but I felt that her eyes were still fixed on me.

"My poor child!" she said, softly. "And yet I am the confidante you should have chosen."

I opened my eyes in surprise, and she flushed.

"Not because I am good or prudent, but because I can sympathize with your feeling, with your independence, and your self-will. You and I are strong on the wing, Gertrude; and such birds pine in any cage."

There was such a touch of sympathy in her voice that I glanced at her quickly. She held out her thin hand; and I saw real affection in her eyes. Even at that moment I wondered how it got there; it did not seem in harmony with the rest of the haughty, hectic face.

"I had nothing to confide," I said. "I was only unhappy, and I did not want to talk about it to any one."

"There is no use in talking to those who cannot understand your feelings. Madame La Peyre and Angélique are good—good as possible; but, remember, they have never known love, and so they cannot sympathize. There are a great many things, Gertrude, which may be guessed at, imagined, and so on; but no one knows any thing about love who has not felt it."

Her eyes were searching my face so inquiringly that the cold apathy left me. I felt a warm glow rush over me, and I knew that it showed on my cheeks.

"Now, child, do not harden yourself," she went on, pleadingly—"now that all the first difficulties of your confession are taken out of your way, tell me why you are unhappy. Is this husband ugly, or stern, or foolish, or what is the objection? Or do you wish to remain unmarried?"

I thought the last question sounded mocking.

"Yes, while I am so young, I am not fit to be married," I said, stubbornly. And then I saw that Mrs. Dayrell had spoken truly when she said she understood me.

She only stroked my hand as it lay on the bed, and she said:

"Yes; I told you I could feel for you. It was very hard to tie you up before you had seen the world. It was a great mistake."

"You must not blame my brothers," I said, hastily, and then stopped, checked by the remembrance that I had done this myself.

Here there came a pause, and I begin to consider. I do not think this is the kind of sympathy that will help me. "Seeing the world" cannot make any difference in love. Eugène is almost the first man of my own age I have spoken to, and I loved him almost at once. I do not believe in a love which can keep itself ungiven till it has the counsel of worldly experience to guide its choice.

"Perhaps I mean that I prefer to choose for myself, and"—I looked instinctively round, but the words came out in spite of the reserve I wanted to keep up—"I will not have a husband unless I can love him."

I felt my eyes flash. As she will talk on

this unpleasant subject, it is best to let her know at once that my mind is made up. She is safe; she will not reveal confidence, I feel sure.

"But, Gertrude, this comes to exactly what I was saying. As you do not bring either of the objections I name against your husband, your unhappiness is to be cured; and I am going to tell you how."

A sudden rush of hope warmed me. I clasped her thin hand between mine.

"Can you tell me what it is? but be sure you do not mistake."

I saw Mrs. Dayrell start and flush, and my voice sounded very strange to myself. When I was a child, I was taken once to Government House to see a play; and the lady who acted the heroine spoke in that strained voice at the end.

She did not answer at once. She drew her hand away quietly, and put it over her eyes to shade them while she looked at me.

"I will not mistake purposely. But, Gertrude, you puzzle me; you are so changed. Tell me, have you seen this husband since you came here?"

I bent my head.

"Ah! I noticed that you did not come to me; and that Madame La Peyre was quiet, and oppressed. Poor Eugénie! she cannot keep a secret thoroughly; the restraint is more than she can bear. But now listen, child. There is no use in seeing this husband every now and then, and all the while keeping up a feeling of dislike. Do as I tell you. Ask him to keep away for a year or so; and, by the time he comes back, if you have no personal prejudice against him, you will be able to love him."

If I did not love already, I must believe her, she is so earnest; but I cannot.

"I can never, never do that," I say, in a passion of misery; "it is too late."

As those wide, wondering blue eyes meet mine, I see that I have betrayed myself, and I bury my face on Mrs. Dayrell's pillow.

There is a long silence. At last I leave off thinking of my own misery, for a sudden thought has come to me that perhaps Mrs. Dayrell has fainted.

No. She is lying quietly; but there is a look of deep thought in her eyes.

"Gertrude," she says, softly, "that Mr. Howard must be a good man. I believe he has been of more use than the doctor has. All these months I have been longing for peace. I have lived in a perpetual hopeless struggle with myself and with every one. I cannot, even now, say which is the real condition of my mind. Very possibly" (she laughed, as if she were trying to make light of her own seriousness) "by to-morrow I may have gone back to the old state again, and talk to you as I used to. But to-day I seem to see life with more calmness and hope than I ever thought to do, and I feel able to comfort you, child. I think that you have been dealt with unwisely—unfairly even—but it is done, and you should try to make the best of what has happened. You cannot free yourself, but you can make your lot much harder. That which now seems to you necessary to your happiness, and an eternal obstacle between you and your husband, may

be only an unreal fancy. Child" (her face flushed suddenly, and she held my hand firmly in hers), "I can speak to you out of real experience—not out of a maxim-book of things as they should be. You love; but it may be that your love is not placed worthily—that it is only trifled with; it may be, too—and from all Mr. Howard told me I think it is—that you have been married to an admirable husband; one who will make you happy, spite of yourself, and yet you cannot see his good qualities because of the prejudice created by your marriage. Well, Gertrude, take this warning—happiness is no easy thing to get; and, as I lie here, I see that our own way and our own efforts do not bring it, and we may tear in pieces and fling away our real life while we strive to have our own will in what is simply impossible. Do not throw away the substance for the shadow."

I listened in wonder; this was very different talk from that which troubled me so when Captain Brand came.

"Thank you; you are very kind" (I drew my hand away); "but you are quite mistaken about me. If I were to try even to love Captain Brand, I should commit a great sin, and something dreadful might happen. Do not ask me."

"Why will you not trust me?" she said, impatiently; "you are so young that you are capable of deceiving yourself, and of being deceived. Who is this person you prefer to your husband?"

I cannot sit still and be questioned about Eugène. I start up angrily.

"I cannot tell you; besides, no one can help me but myself, and I do not want to trouble any one."

I almost ran to the door, and got away before she could speak again.

## THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF M. RADAU.)

**N**OTHING is decisive in science. Experimental truths are essentially unstable and provisional, and what is called the precision of a number is often only a fiction, which is a law until the time when it is dethroned by another fiction. The history of the sciences of observation proves that a problem is never finished, that measurements are always to be recommended, that the most probable results are not necessarily those which approach nearest to the truth, and that progress consists in retracing our steps. The efforts of men to attain truth are long and painful, like the excited course of the minute-hand, which must make twelve revolutions around the dial-plate while the hour-hand makes but one. How much strength, genius, patience, are often expended in discovering that one is mistaken, that every thing is to be done over again! Astronomers especially know how much fatigue and night-watching are represented by the least modification produced in those numbers called constants, and which are, as it were, the pivots of their formulæ. To measure the unapproachable is the point at issue in their ceaseless combats with immensity; they can supply the deficiency only by accumulating measurements

like grains of sand. Thousands and thousands of observations, painfully gathered together, are often necessary to rectify a number. To obtain the right to add or subtract fraction of a second, expeditions are organized which cost hundreds of thousands of dollars, and practised observers encounter the dangers of murderous climates from which all do not always return.

The year 1874 will be included in the number of those which make an epoch in the history of astronomy, from the great expeditions which are being prepared at this time, and which have no other object except that of observing the transit of Venus over the sun in the month of December next; it is hoped that the question will then be decided, once for all, if the parallax of the sun is eight seconds and eight-tenths, or if it is necessary to suppose it equal to eight seconds and nine-tenths. Ten years ago the number of  $8^{\circ}.6$ , founded on the calculations of M. Encke, was accepted as the true parallax. This number gave 95,000,000 miles for the distance of the sun; it would be 92,500,000 miles if the constant of the parallax were equal to  $8^{\circ}.8$ , and 91,900,000 if it were equal to  $8^{\circ}.9$ . It is, then, to correct the measure of the sun's distance that the astronomers of all countries will go this year, with a great train of telescopes, chronometers, and photographic apparatus, into the quarters of the Pacific Ocean, to Japan, China, Australia, and the Southern seas. The National Assembly has voted the sum of sixty thousand dollars for the expenses of this expedition; the United States has given one hundred and fifty thousand dollars; the governments of Russia, England, and Germany, have in the same manner made large appropriations. The stations have been chosen a long time beforehand; the instruments are ready, and the observers are making their last preparations before setting out for the determination of the solar parallax.

The displacement between the apparent position of an object observed from two different points of view is called parallax, that is, "difference of aspect;" parallax is, then, the angle formed by the two visual rays which end in the same point. Suppose two observers placed at two stations conveniently chosen, and viewing the summit of a distant tree: they will see it in two directions, differing in proportion to the distance between the observers. The difference of the two directions observed will be the parallax of the tree; if the length of the base of operations is known, that is, the interval between the two stations, it will be easy to calculate the distance of the tree. This is the principle of the methods by which inaccessible distances are measured. It is the parallax of a celestial body which gives us the means of measuring the distance that separates it from us; it is in determining minutely this imperceptible displacement of an object that man, without quitting the narrow prison of his planet, has been able to measure the universe. Unfortunately, it is far from theory to practice. The problem is singularly complicated on account of the motion of the earth, which furnishes the base of operation, and the stars whose distance is to be ascertained, while it hovers on the impossible from the minuteness of the angles which

must be measured. The largest base that the earth can furnish is its diameter; this is about 8,000 miles. But the distance of the sun being nearly 12,000 times greater, two observers at the greatest possible distance on the surface of the globe are in relation to the sun in the same situation as if they wished to determine the parallax of a terrestrial object seven miles distant by pointing their telescopes from two windows only about three feet distant from each other; the directions would differ only seventeen seconds of an arc. We must, then, in reality, be contented with differences much less perceptible than those which theory seems to promise at first view, and consequently give up measuring the distance of the sun by a process so direct.

For the moon the conditions are less unfavorable; she is distant from us only about thirty diameters of the earth, and the parallactic effect can reach two degrees. Lalande and Lacaille, one observing at Berlin, and the other at the Cape of Good Hope, determined the parallax of the moon with great precision.

It is still more difficult when the point in question is to find the distance of the fixed stars; there we are in the presence of the infinite. Astronomers have been able to determine, or rather to suspect, the distances of some of them only by taking for a base of operation the whole extent of the earth's orbit, whose diameter is 183,000,000 miles. This is very little for the object to be accomplished, for most of the stars are so far from us that a difference of 183,000,000 miles in the position of the observer produces no appreciable deviation in the visual ray; for the nearest stars the annual parallax is only a fraction of a second, and it is extremely difficult to determine the exact value of so small a quantity. In the time of Copernicus, the means of observation were so imperfect that it was impossible to measure the parallax of the stars; it is only at the commencement of this century that the perfection of instruments and methods has overcome the greatest difficulty that embarrassed the founder of modern astronomy. Doubt is no longer possible; we know henceforth how small a thing the earth is in the universe; but this discovery is well adapted, as Laplace says, to console man for the rank it assigns to the earth, in showing to him his own greatness in the extreme smallness of the base which has served him for measuring the heavens.

We have seen that the direct determination of the parallax of the sun is not practicable. Happily, there exist more than one indirect means of arriving at the same end. Kepler's laws make known with very great precision the revelation of the distances of different planets from the sun; it is sufficient to determine these relations to know the times of their revolution. Thanks to this marvelous enchainment of all the parts of the system, a complete plan of the solar domain can be mapped out, and, in order to obtain the dimensions of it in miles, nothing is required but to measure any distance whatever between two points; this will fix the scale of the plan. It is some advantage to choose for this base the distance of the planet Mars from the sun; at certain epochs this planet comes comparatively near the earth,

and observations then reveal a very perceptible parallax. Tycho Brahe first proposed this method, but without making the trial. In 1671 the Academy of Sciences sent the astronomer Richer to Cayenne to make observations on Mars for this purpose, at the same time that Picard and Roemer made observations at Paris. The result obtained by this process was unsuccessful. In our day the comparison of the observations of Mars, which were made, in 1862, at Greenwich, Polkova, the Cape of Good Hope, and Williamstown, in Australia, have given for the distance of the sun a very exact value, which agrees with the results obtained by other methods. However, the best method for determining the absolute dimensions of the solar system is that shown by the illustrious Halley in 1691; it is the observation of the transits of Venus.

The planet Venus, the gentle star of the shepherd, whose light is sufficient to make her visible sometimes in full day, accomplishes thirteen revolutions around the sun while the earth traverses her orbit eight times; once in eight years the two stars meet at the same points of their orbits. During this interval, Venus passes five times between the earth and the sun; like the new moon, she turns then toward us her darkened face, and becomes invisible, except in the rare case when she is projected upon the sun. This is appropriately called a transit; she is then seen for some hours like a small, black spot perfectly round. This phenomenon occurs hardly twice in a century; two transits follow each other with an interval of eight years, after which more than a century passes, when there are again two transits, separated by the same interval. If the transits of Venus do not take place more frequently, it is because the plane on which this planet moves does not coincide with the plane of the ecliptic on which the earth moves; sometimes she passes higher than the sun, sometimes lower, and remains hidden in his light. The phenomenon of transits always takes place in June or December.

The transit of 1631 had been predicted by Kepler, but its observation failed to be successful. The transit of 1639 is the first which was seen by human eyes; it was observed in England by Horrox and Crabtree, notwithstanding the slightly erroneous prediction of Kepler, according to which Venus would only touch the border of the solar disk. Thus far, the transits of Venus were watched only from curiosity; Halley was the first who had suspicion of their scientific import. At the age of twenty-two he observed, at St. Helena, in 1677, a transit of Mercury over the sun; struck with the clearness with which the black spot bit the solar limb, he said immediately that phenomena of such precision must offer an excellent means of correcting planetary distances on account of the considerable influence that the parallaxes of the planets exercise upon the moments of ingress and egress. For Mercury, this influence is much less sensible than for Venus; also Halley took care to recommend to future astronomers the transit of 1761 in two dissertations still famous. "May Heaven," said he, in closing—"may Heaven favor

their observations with the most perfect weather! And when they shall have attained their object, and determined, as well as they can, our distance from the sun, let them remember that it was an Englishman who first conceived this fortunate idea."

Vast preparations were therefore made in prospect of the transits of 1761 and 1769. Sovereigns and scientific associations vied with each other in organizing expeditions for observing the phenomenon in places chosen in such a way that the effect of parallax should be as great as possible. On the 6th of June, 1761, telescopes were pointed to the sun from the Cape of Good Hope, Lapland, Tobolsk, in Siberia, at the same time as in Europe; however, unfavorable circumstances prevented the observers from deriving from these measures all the benefit that was anticipated. In compensation, the transit of 1769 was observed with entire success in all parts of the world. Cook and the astronomer Green went to Otaheite; the Abbé Chappé to California; Pingré to St. Domingo. The King of Denmark borrowed from Maria Theresa Father Hell to send to Wardhus, in Lapland. In combining the different observations obtained in places so distant, there was found for the sun's distance a value already very nearly approaching that adopted by the astronomers of the present time.

Among the observers who took part in these labors there is one who has become celebrated by his misfortunes. His voyage was an odyssey, and bad luck was his pilot. Le Gentil de la Galaisière had been appointed to observe the transit of 1761 at Pondicherry. He embarked in March, 1760, and landed at the Isle of France on the 10th of July following; but, during the interval, war had been declared between France and England, and he was obliged to wait five months before a French frigate dared to venture into the Indian seas. When he arrived in sight of Pondicherry, on the 24th of May, 1761, he found this city in the power of the English, and on the 6th of June he was still on the sea when the transit took place. He saw the sun shining in a clear and cloudless sky, but it was impossible to point to it the heavy telescope that he had on board, which demanded an immovable position. Le Gentil made then a heroic determination. "I am here," said he; "I will remain here." And he waited eight years on the Coromandel coast for the transit of 1769. He employed this time in studying the climate of India, the maritime currents, the astronomy of the Brahmins, and in determining geographical positions. At last the great day arrived. The season had been excellent, the month of May notably splendid; Le Gentil was full of confidence and courage. The transit was to take place on the 4th of June, from three to seven o'clock in the morning. The day of the 3d was fine; at ten o'clock Le Gentil lay down, having arranged his instruments. At two o'clock he awoke, and thought he heard a breeze from the southeast. "I drew a good omen from this," said he, "because I knew that the southeast wind is the broom of the coast, and always brings serenity; but curiosity having led me to rise a moment after, I saw with the greatest astonishment

that the sky was overcast, especially in the north and northeast, where it lightened; for all that, there was a profound calm. From this moment I gave up all hope; I threw myself on the bed without being able to close my eyes. At half-past five the tempest was unchained, the air was obscured by whirlwinds of dust; toward six o'clock the wind decreased, but the clouds remained. At three minutes before seven, the moment when the ingress of the planet would take place, a light whiteness gave a suspicion of the place of the sun, but nothing could be seen in the telescope. By degrees the wind passed to the east and southeast, the clouds cleared away, and a very brilliant sun was seen; this continued during the rest of the day. On the 5th the sun rose in great beauty, and the day was magnificent. It was the same on the 6th. On the 7th and 8th the same—in short, it seemed as if the morning of the 4th had been made for the purpose." Le Gentil exhausts hypotheses upon the cause of this mysterious gust of wind, entirely extraordinary for the season. "The pen," said he, "fell from my hand several times when the moment came for announcing to France the fate of my undertaking."

When Le Gentil finally returned from the coast of Coromandel, he learned that the Academy of Sciences, receiving no tidings from him, thought that he was dead, and had filled his place. One of his relations had profited by the occasion to obtain possession of his estate, and it was in vain that he tried to recover it. Le Gentil died in 1792. His "Voyage dans les mers de l'Inde" was published in Paris in 1779. The unfortunate fate which seemed to follow the steps of this astronomer and his courageous struggle with adversity have something profoundly touching. When we think of the important researches in astronomy and meteorology that he made during his long abode in India, and which are contained in the quarto volumes published by him, we feel that his labor was not lost, and it is thus that perseverance is always recompensed.

The transit of 1761, which was visible in Europe, was also watched by one hundred and seventy-six observers; unfortunately, the maximum difference of duration did not reach five minutes, which is too little for a precise determination of parallax. In 1769 the stations were better chosen. Pingré, who had observed the transit of 1761 at the isle of Rodriguez in spite of a violent wind which threatened to overthrow his instruments, was sent by the Academy of Sciences to St. Domingo. The Abbé Chappé, who went in 1761 to Tobolsk in Siberia to observe the transit under the auspices of the Empress of Russia, was chosen this time to go to the Solomon Isles in the southern sea. These islands were then under the dominion of Spain, and could be reached only in a Spanish vessel. The court of Madrid refused to grant the permission which was demanded; however, it allowed the Abbé Chappé to embark with a fleet which was setting out for America, and gave him two Spanish astronomers to accompany him. Chappé went with his two assistants to San José in California. The observation was crowned with success; but the Abbé

Chappé died of yellow fever two months after, at the age of forty-one. The celebrated Cook, commissioned by the English Government, set out for an unknown destination, taking with him two assistants; after having doubled Cape Horn, he arrived, in April, 1769, at Tahiti, and established himself there to await the transit. Father Hell, Father Sainovies, and the Danish astronomer Borgenving, were installed at Wardhus, in the north of Lapland, from the month of October, 1768. It was thus that everybody was at his post when the phenomenon took place. At Paris, it was observed by Cassini, Maraldi, Lalande, and other astronomers, while Lemouvier and Chabert observed it at the château of St. Hubert in presence of the king; but the weather was very unfavorable, the sun was much too low, and the observers were not sufficiently prepared in this particular kind of observation; the moments noted by them differed from twenty to thirty seconds.

When the astronomers sent into distant lands returned from their expeditions, having in their hands the results obtained, and when they proceeded to make comparisons, in order to deduce from the sun's parallax, it was readily seen that the transit was far from affording the clearness, the geometrical simplicity so much boasted by Halley. One hundred and forty-nine observers had noted the different phases. According to the manner in which they endeavored to combine the moments noted, they found larger or smaller numbers for the parallax of the sun. Pingré, Lexell, Father Hell, Lalande, arrived by their calculations at values which varied from  $8^{\circ}9$  to  $8^{\circ}5$ ; it must then be confessed that the errors inherent in the observations were much greater than had been anticipated.

Indeed, the phenomenon of contacts is complicated with strange appearances which throw a great uncertainty on the precise moment when Venus enters upon the sun's disk, and upon that when she leaves it. At first, the sun appears, at the point where the ingress will take place, to hollow out slightly; then the breach increases, takes the form of a round spot which advances upon the sun, and at the end of a time which varies from fifteen to thirty minutes this black disk, whose diameter is forty times less than that of the solar disk, detaches itself completely from the luminous border. This is the moment of first internal contact. Some hours later, when the black spot, which has passed slowly over the radiant disk, approaches the opposite border, the second internal contact is observed; then it issues by degrees as it entered. The moment when the planet touches the border of the sun and that when it leaves it completely cannot be noted in a precise manner; unfortunately, even the internal contacts are more or less uncertain. Indeed, some seconds before detaching itself from the solar border, the dark spot seems to be stretched out, as if it were caught, retained upon the border; a black ligament is formed; then this ligament is suddenly broken, and a thread of light bursts forth between the black disk and the solar border. In the same way, before the second internal contact, a black drop is suddenly formed between the border of Venus and that of the sun; this black

point diminishes and disappears at last when the borders seem to touch each other. These circumstances are clearly indicated by the Abbé Chappe, Father Hell, and other astronomers; but all have not noticed them, and it is therefore difficult to interpret the observations. It could not even be decided which of the different phases truly represents the moment of contact. Hence, there is an uncertainty of twenty or thirty seconds, which explains why the results obtained by the calculation of observations of 1769 are so discordant.

In 1824, Encke undertook a profound discussion of all the materials relative to the transit of 1769; he thought that he had fixed definitely the value of the solar parallax at  $8^{\circ}.57$ , and this number, which agreed with the result found by Delambre, was accepted in all the treatises on astronomy. That which gave the casting-vote, and made an erroneous value of the solar parallax prevail until a very recent time, was, that it agreed by chance with that which Laplace and Burg had obtained by an entirely different method, founded upon a certain inequality of the moon's movement.

But the problem soon took on a new aspect. Geometricalians, examining more and more thoroughly the theory of gravitation, had perfected the tables of planetary movements at the same time that the processes of observation had become more rigorous, more delicate. Le Verrier, in determining with an admirable precision the movements of the earth, Venus, and Mars, found that it was necessary to increase by one-twentieth the sun's parallax adopted on the faith of Encke's calculations. Hansen had arrived at the same result by his new theory of the moon. The tenacious confidence of astronomers in the false parallax of the sun began to yield under the pressure of so many accumulated proofs, when Leon Foucault came in his turn to throw into the balance the result of his memorable experience upon the velocity of light, which he had succeeded in measuring directly by the aid of a revolving mirror, although light moves with a bewildering rapidity at the rate of a hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second. He deduced from this determination that the sun's parallax was equal to  $8^{\circ}.86$ . This result was obtained in 1862. The same year the planet Mars was in opposition with the sun under the most favorable conditions for the determination of its parallax. It was carefully observed at the Cape of Good Hope, and in Australia as well as in Europe, and the discussion of the observations, which was undertaken by Mr. Stone and M. Winnecke, gave for the solar parallax a value a little higher than  $8^{\circ}.9$ .

In the face of these results, which mutually confirmed each other, the most serious doubts arose upon the exactness of M. Encke's calculations. A young astronomer, M. Powalky, submitted them to a severe revision in 1864. He was able to demonstrate that by choosing only the best observations and by correcting the geographical position of some of the stations where these observations had been made, a number could be obtained from the transit of 1769 which agrees with those of Le Verrier and Leon Foucault. Thus, all paths conduct

to the same conclusion: the exact value of the solar parallax must be comprised between  $8^{\circ}.8$  and  $8^{\circ}.9$ . According to all anticipation, this value will be confirmed by the transit which will take place on the 9th of December of this year.

The choice of stations, and the most fitting methods to give a satisfactory result, have been discussed for ten years. In 1866, a commission was appointed by the Minister of Public Instruction to indicate the means which must be taken to facilitate for French astronomers the observation of the transit of Venus. M. Puiseux devoted himself to a minute examination of all the circumstances of the phenomenon of 1874, and traced upon a map of the world lines to guide observers in the choice of their stations. A glance at this map shows that the complete transit will be visible only in Eastern Asia, Australia, and the southern seas. In a part of Africa, Turkey, Greece, and Southern Russia, the egress will be seen; but the ingress will take place before sunrise. In a portion of the Pacific Ocean, the ingress of the planet will be seen; the sun will set before the end of the phenomenon. Finally, at Trinity Land, south of Cape Horn, the sun will set and rise anew in the interval of about four hours, which passes between the ingress and the egress. If it were possible to reach these southern lands, for example Enderby Land, Victoria Land, or only the Kerguelen Isles, these would be excellent stations; the English hope to be able to install themselves there. The commission of the Bureau of Longitudes has preferred to fix its choice upon the islands of St. Paul and Campbell. M. Janssen, of the Academy of Sciences, proposes to go to Peking; and two astronomers of the Paris Observatory, MM. Wolf and André, will go to Yokohama. The Russian astronomers have designated twenty-four stations where they intend to establish themselves, principally in Siberia and on the coast of Asia. The English and the Germans have also determined their plans of observation.

Three methods are in competition, while each has its partisans: the direct observation of contacts, the micrometric measure of the positions of Venus on the sun during the transit, finally the photographic reproduction of the sun's image at close intervals. The direct observation of the moments of ingress and egress is doubtless the most simple of these methods, for it demands only a good telescope, two eyes that know how to observe, and a chronometer; but of these three things, the one that is most seldom found, and the most difficult to be acquired, is the eyes. It may truly be said that a practised and intelligent observer can do better with a poor instrument than a novice with a choice instrument. Thus it may readily be understood that the observation of the approaching transit of Venus, in order to have any value in view of the progress already realized in the knowledge of the elements of the solar system, demands a special preparation. Much attention has been bestowed upon the study of the black ligament, that bridge which at a certain moment seems to bind the obscure disk of the planet to the border of the sun. Some astronomers saw it distinctly at the

transit of Mercury in 1868; others affirm that they saw simply the geometrical contact.

MM. Wolf and André conceived, then, the ingenious idea of reproducing artificially the conditions of a transit, by an experiment which they contrived for this purpose. They cut in an opaque screen a circular aperture, behind which they placed a very vivid source of light; this is the sun. A small blackened disk moves before this opening, drawn with a velocity suitably regulated. This mirror of transits being installed in the hall of the Library at the Luxembourg, M. Wolf noted the contacts at the observatory where the telescopes were arranged; the moments of contact were recorded by an electrical chronograph, as well as the real positions of the movable disk representing Venus. In this manner it was proved that the formation of the black drop is a phenomenon essentially accidental, depending on certain faults of the telescope that it is possible to correct, and that the moment of real contact can then be seized with an almost geometrical precision. Nevertheless there is almost a constant difference between the moments of contact estimated by two observers, a difference which results from physiological causes.

In order to escape from the errors inherent to the constitution of the organ of sight, it is proposed to make great use of photography for the observation of the transit of 1874. Most of the expeditions will carry with their baggage special apparatus called heliographs, which will serve to obtain numerous photographic proofs of the solar image during the whole duration of the phenomenon. M. Faye has remarked that a photographic instrument suitably located (for example, upon the west coast of New Holland, north of the bay of Sea-Dogs, which will have the sun at the zenith) would be able with this alone, by a series of stereotype plates, to determine the earth's distance from the sun. Indeed, parallax sensibly modifies the circumstances of the theoretical transit, calculated for an observer placed at the centre of the terrestrial globe, and the result is that very precise observations obtained in a single station would suffice strictly for obtaining the value of the parallax. The year 1875 will tell us what photography is worth as an auxiliary for precision in astronomy.

M. Janssen, who observed in India the total solar eclipse of 1868, discovered on this occasion that the spectroscope allows the border of the sun to be examined at other times as well as during eclipses, and authenticates phenomena there which prove the existence of an atmosphere of incandescent hydrogen. It was this brilliant discovery which opened to him the doors of the Institute. Another eclipse of the sun was to take place in 1870, visible in Algeria. Janssen, who was then in besieged Paris, accepted the mission for observing this eclipse. On the 2d of December, at six o'clock in the morning, he escaped from Paris in the balloon Volta, which effected at eleven o'clock his descent at Savenay, at the mouth of the Loire. Unhappily, bad weather prevented the observation of the phenomenon at Oran, where the intrepid astronomer had gone. In December, 1871, we find him on the Malabar

coast, on the occasion of a new eclipse, and this time his enterprise is crowned with success. Thus it is seen that the observer designated to go to Peking in 1874 is not making his first essay. The method which he has discovered for exploring the contour of the sun, and which has already been fruitful in curious results relative to the physical constitution of this star, will be employed advantageously to seize the approach of Venus even before she enters upon the luminous disk. This is the opinion of Father Secchi, the learned director of the Roman Observatory, who has made interesting researches on the phenomena of the solar atmosphere, and who is distinguished for his skill in the management of the spectroscope. In any case, there will be a serious interest in making use of the spectroscope, to watch the solar contour at the moment of the contacts, in order to be sure if the incessant agitation of the luminous envelope of the sun will not produce an unevenness which may accelerate or retard the ingress or egress of the planet.

The German commission has fixed its choice upon the micrometrical measures of the distance of Venus at the centre of the solar disk, which they will procure by the use of a heliometer; but the heliometer is the most complicated and the most delicate of all astronomical instruments, demands the most experience and circumspection, and will probably give good results only in the hands of observers exceptionally skillful. Besides, it will be desirable that this method be admitted to give proofs of its power like the others.

The second transit of Venus over the sun, which will take place on the 6th of December, 1882, will be visible in France, England, and in all Europe. At Paris only the ingress of the planet will be seen, which will take place at two o'clock in the afternoon, while the egress will occur at eight o'clock, long after sunset. In nine years, Paris will then see Venus enter upon the sun; on the 8th of June, 2004, an entire transit will be seen; then on the 6th of June, 2012, an egress only, two hours after sunrise. In regard to the determination of the parallax by contacts, the transit of 1882 will be less favorable than that of 1874; the differences will be less considerable from one station to another; but for the micrometrical process, the two transits are equally valuable.

Whatever may be the methods employed, if only, according to the prayer of Halley, "the curious observers of the stars are not deprived of this spectacle so ardently desired by the unwelcome obscurity of a cloudy sky," it may be hoped that the coming transit will give results of an importance proportionate to the means of observation. The mistakes of 1769 include for the present generation a fruitful lesson from which it will draw great profit.

If, besides, supposing an impossible case, the observations fail more or less completely in 1874, we shall have, to console us, the certainty of being able henceforth to determine all the elements of the solar system with a precision constantly increasing by theory alone. Indeed, the astronomers of the present, if it is allowable to use an expression a little trivial, have more than one

string to their bow. Le Verrier has recently remarked that, thanks to the long series of meridional observations accumulated since the time of Bradley, that is for one hundred and twenty years, we can now determine in a very rigorous manner the inequalities that the earth's influence produces in the movements of Venus and Mars. These inequalities can be made useful for calculating the mass of the earth, and the desired parallax can be computed directly by means of a formula borrowed from Newton. Now Le Verrier reaches, by three different methods, three numbers almost identical, whose mean is 8°.86, the parallax of Foucault. In view of this result, it is reasonable to think that the *mécanique céleste* could from this time dispense with a direct determination of the sun's distance. But the inequalities whose consideration can thus supply the place of direct measures, increase from year to year, from age to age, and become more and more perceptible and certain; they reach a culminating point, so to speak. The method which leads now to a result so striking will become with time still more precious, and will take precedence of the observation of transits, if astronomers do not hasten to perfect this last method. The only difficulty that presents itself is the uncertainty in regard to the existence of other masses than those which are known in the solar domain. The whole family of the asteroids, discovered now by dozens, does not appear to constitute a mass of which it is necessary to take account in respect to the perturbation which they could occasion, but it is very possible that in the regions near the sun where Mercury revolves there is still cosmical matter of a certain importance whose action would derange calculations. Under these conditions, says M. Le Verrier, it seems that astronomy must enter upon a new path; it would be necessary at first to open what may be called the computation of celestial matter. Remounting into the past, the time must be sought when such or such a planet exercised a particularly emphatic action, and thus a special brief would be formed for each in view of the determination of its mass. The same work would be done in regard to the future in order to lose no favorable occasion for correcting these masses. An amount of information would result from this course which would conduct to the most important results, perhaps to unexpected discoveries. It does not follow, however, that the observation of the transits of Venus does not offer an interest of the first order. Competition and the rivalry of methods are the life itself of science.

## MOLIERE AND THE DOCTORS.

**H**ERBERT SPENCER, in one of his brilliant essays, declares that "ridicule has always been a revolutionary agent; that which is habitually assailed with sneers and sarcasms cannot long survive;" and, while to laugh at fools may be superfluous, as Gifford has said, since if they understand you they join in the merriment, but more commonly they sit with vacant unconcern and gaze at their own pictures, it can scarcely be

doubted that the caricatures of the Faculty which were presented to the French public by Molière tended no little to change a condition of affairs which is only too graphically indicated by Macaulay in speaking of the advance of science in Great Britain, when he informs us that "medicine, which in France was still in abject bondage, and afforded an inexhaustible subject of ridicule to Molière, had in England become an experimental science, and every day made some advance in defiance of Hippocrates and Galen." Indeed, that "usual French regard for symmetry and disregard for fact" which is said to characterize the modern Gaul, equally obtained under the "grand monarque;" and, if the ordinances prescribed that a man should get well or die, he was looked upon as recreant if he neglected to comply with them. M. Tomés, the bleeder, under which name one of the four court physicians is satirized in the "Amour Médecin," gives an illustration of this when, in reply to the repeated assertion of Lisette that a certain patient of his is not only dead, but buried, he insists that it is impossible, since "Hippocrates says that a malady of that kind terminates only the fourteenth or twenty-first day, and this patient had been ill but a week!"

Satirists have generally been slow to attack abuses committed in their own times by classes of men endowed with power; but Molière, and after him Boileau, did not fail to fulfill the end of comedy and satire in instructing their fellow-countrymen by unmasking their vices and ridiculing their faults. Molière was peculiarly fitted for the part he had to play in caricaturing the doctor of his time; for, while his wit was brilliant and pure, and his satire could,

"Like a polished razor keen,  
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen,"  
his general *bonhomie*, strengthened, no doubt, by his studies under the celebrated Gassendi, whose instruction sobered the most famous duelist of the day, Bergerac, into a philosopher and poet, rendered him too liberal to be over-harsh, too catholic in his views to condemn without thorough examination. He had been, moreover, introduced to an acquaintance with the Epicurean philosophy by his preceptor, and this, too, doubtless contributed to the formation of a character which was pronounced by one of his contemporaries to be "sweet, accommodating, and generous."

When it is remembered that the first production of Molière, "Le Docteur Amoureux," written while he was a provincial actor, and of which we have but the title, itself, however, sufficiently indicative of the nature of the piece, was probably composed when he was about twenty-six or twenty-seven years old, it is not difficult to come to the conclusion that he had already been brought in contact with the Faculty, and had suffered at the hands of some country Sangrado, who perhaps may have laid the foundation of the complaint which culminated in the consumption by which he was ultimately carried off. Voltaire tells us that he drew his original inspiration from the Italian comedies, and that his first essays, including "Les Trois Docteurs Rivaux" and "Le Médecin Volant," possessed rather the characteristics of them

than of his own native genius. A curious coincidence has been noticed, to some critics inexplicable save on the ground of plagiarism, in the close resemblance of a passage in the "Malade Imaginaire" to one in Massinger's "Emperor of the East," which can easily be accounted for, however, by supposing that both Molière and Massinger had anticipated the modern system of translating or appropriating, now so much in vogue, with the difference, however, that the French, rather than the Italians, provided the material.

The "Médecin Malgré Lui" was produced in 1666. A story told in the "Pantagruel" of Rabelais no doubt suggested the first scene, perhaps the whole design, of this farce. According to that, a dumb woman is cured by the skill of a physician, and becomes such an intolerable scold that her husband is nearly deprived of his reason by the perpetual clatter of her tongue. To gain some relief, he persuades the doctor to make him deaf, whereupon the wife goes mad in despair; and the physician, applying for his fee, is told that the husband does not understand him, seeing he is deaf. Irritated by this failure to get his money, the doctor performs an operation which reduces the husband to the condition of a fool, when both man and wife fall upon him, as Sganarelle and Martine upon Robert, and beat him nearly to death. This is expanded by Molière into the extremely amusing farce which, a century ago, under the name of "The Mock Doctor," delighted English audiences as it still continues to amuse the French. While scarcely a comedy of Molière's fails to make some fling at the Faculty, for the present purpose it will be sufficient to see how the gentlemen in black—their then costume—are treated in the "Médecin Malgré Lui," with a glance or two at some scenes in the other comedies in which special attention is given to the Faculty.

In order to fully appreciate the state of medical science in France during the first half of the seventeenth century, it will be necessary to notice some of the contemporary declarations, and especially of members of the Faculty itself. Some time prior to the advent of Molière, Renandot, who was a graduate from Montpellier—and therefore looked down upon by his Parisian brethren—was appointed physician to the king, a place without emolument. His appointment gave great offense, which was enhanced by his independent course in the practice of his profession. He repudiated the bleeding and drugging processes then in vogue, and treated his patients with simple remedies, in direct contravention to those usually prescribed, which frequently cured them. After him came Guy Patin, perhaps the most famous physician of the day. His assertions that a roasted mouse was not a sovereign cure for gunshot-wounds; that cobwebs boiled with camomile were silly things for an indigestion, and that nobody had ever been cured of jaundice by swallowing the yolk of an egg with fleas in it, were heresies which subjected him to the most bitter assaults on the part of the Faculty, headed by Duval, the great surgeon of the time, who, it has been said, had not his equal for cutting off a leg, especially when amputation was unnecessary. The let-

ters of Patin present a picture which fully justifies Molière's satire. A passage in Miss Strickland's biography of Mary of Modena tends to confirm that already cited from Macaulay: "Her children inherited the same tendency to pulmonary affections, and their constitutions were fatally weakened by the erroneous practice of frequent and copious bleedings to which the French physicians resorted on every occasion." With the science which makes the strongest appeal to the human race, since the "love of life is its greatest weakness,"<sup>12</sup> in such a condition, it is easy to understand how one, holding the opinion that the "duty of comedy is to correct men while amusing them," would decide that "he had nothing better to do than to attack by caricatures the vices of his time."

In the "Médecin Malgré Lui," Molière seems to have had it in view to satirize the method of inducting candidates into the profession, the manners of the Faculty, their cunning in managing by the use of a strange nomenclature to obfuscate the minds of their patients and hearers, their actual ignorance, and their greed. The plot of the farce is simple enough. A quarrel having taken place between a wood-cutter and his wife, for dissension can as readily occur under a French peasant's roof as in Carlton House, since the "family jar," like pale death,

. . . . .  
"aque pulsat pede pauperum tabernas  
Regumque turres,"

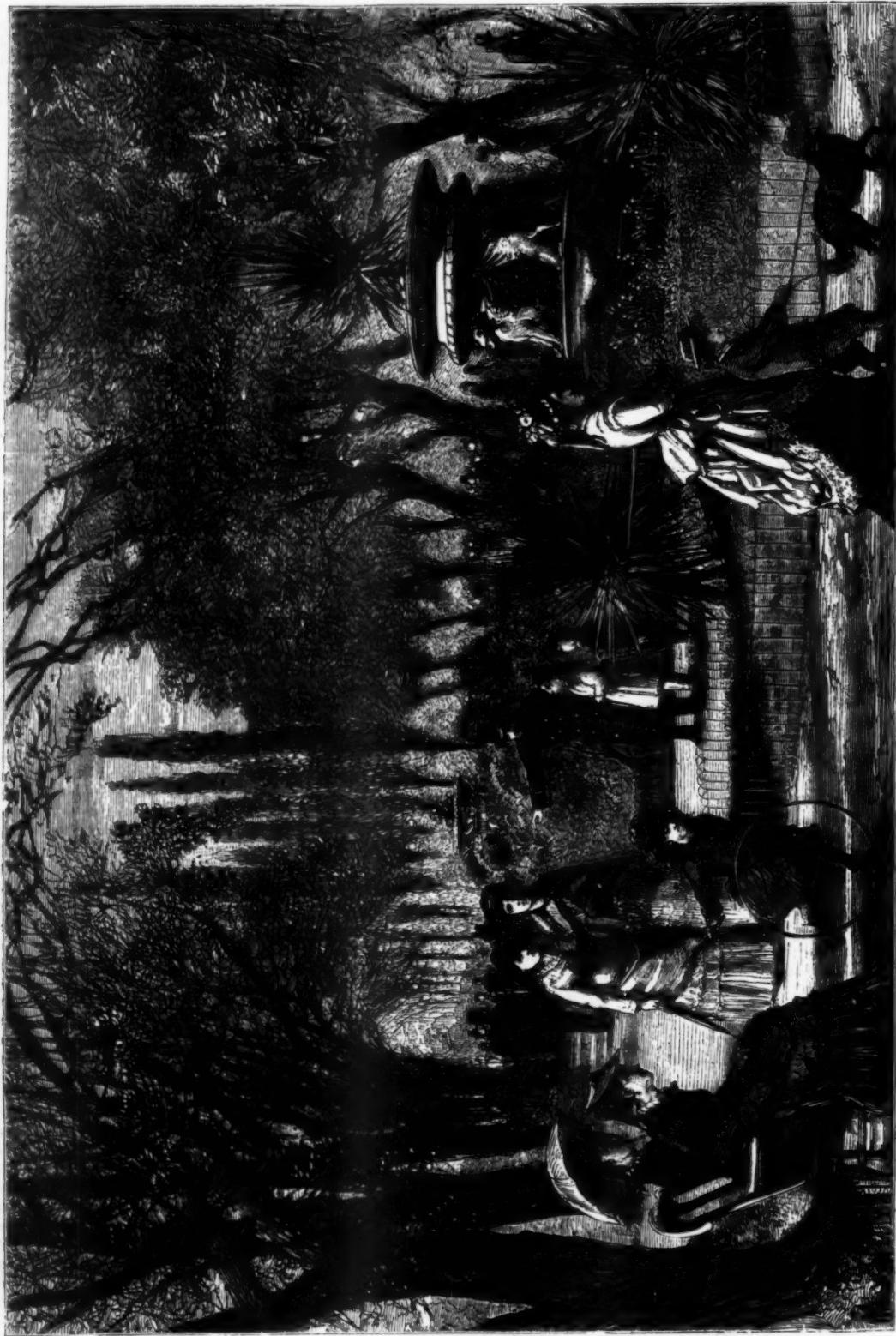
the woman, who has been soundly beaten, by way of retaliation directs two men, in search of a physician, to the forest where her husband is at work, informing them that he is a highly-skilled but eccentric doctor, just now amusing himself by making fagots, whom they can easily induce, by a few blows of the cudgel, to resume his legitimate functions. The wood-chopper is thus made a doctor, as he afterward says, "in spite of his teeth," and carried off to the manor-house, where the heroine of the story is afflicted with a sudden and unaccountable dumbness. After an interview with her, he meets her lover, who informs him that the dumbness is counterfeited to save her from a marriage into which her father would force her, and he prevails upon the mock doctor to introduce him as an apothecary, that he may arrange a runaway match with his sweetheart. This is effected, and, just after the discovery of the flight, and while the doctor, accused of complicity in it, is trembling for his life, as he thinks, the lovers return unmarried, profess their contrition; and the intended husband having announced that his uncle is dead, leaving him heir to a large fortune, the father revokes his prohibition, accepts the new son-in-law, and pardons the doctor.

In the final scene, the wood-chopper claims to have served a famous physician six years, and to have had an early acquaintance with his Latin grammar, which explains his use of medical technicalities and Latin words afterward. His mixture of phrases, however, is amusing enough: for example, he gravely informs the neighbor, who has interfered to prevent his beating his wife, and has been set upon by both of them for meddling, that "Cicero says that between the tree and the finger you must not put the bark!" The

process of converting the wood-chopper into a member of the Faculty is neither long nor difficult. He readily yields to the logic of the cudgel, solacing himself with the question, which should suggest itself to not a few candidates for similar honors nowadays, "Can I become a doctor without knowing it?" and agreeing, when the prospect of pay is presented, that he is a doctor beyond contradiction; he had forgotten it, but now remembers it well, and signifies his wish to be conducted at once to his patient—not, however, without an apprehensive recollection that he is without a doctor's gown! A promise of that necessary addition to his other qualifications relieves him, and he is soon at the house of the dumb girl.

Elsewhere a candidate who hesitates to offer himself on the ground that it is necessary for him to speak Latin, understand diseases and the remedies for them, is informed that, in receiving the doctor's cap and gown, he will learn all that sort of thing; that, dressed in them, whatever nonsense he may utter will be esteemed wisdom, every folly reason; and, besides, his beard is full and well grown—and the beard is more than half the doctor!

The conduct of the wood-chopper at the manor-house affords a lively picture of the manners of the then practitioner. His pomposity and assumed gravity in the presence of the master, his freedom with the servants, his familiarity with his patient, doubtless suggested the recollection of similar scenes to many a spectator. His natural acuteness soon tells him with whom he has to do, and, making a final and victorious assault upon the position with the question to his employer, "Do you understand Latin?" to which he gets a negative reply, he enthusiastically bursts forth with a tirade of words of his own coinage, intermixed with scraps from the Latin grammar, which completely overwhelms his hearers with astonishment at his learning and wisdom. Then he proceeds to explain in an equally unintelligible manner the cause of the dumbness of his patient, in the course of his dissertation saying that "the humors of which he is speaking, passing from the left side, where the liver is situated, to the right, the place of the heart," produce certain effects, with which statement he confounds the father, who, while assuring him of his satisfaction with his reasoning, objects to the position of the organs, so contrary to what he has always believed. "They were so placed once upon a time," says the doctor, "but we have changed all that nowadays, and practice medicine upon an entirely new plan." He prescribes bread soaked in wine for his patient, and gives as his reason for doing so that there is in bread and wine mixed, a sympathetic virtue which induces speech. "Did you never observe," he asks, "that they give nothing else to parrots while they are learning to talk?" Turning his attention to the nurse, who is in robust health, he proposes to bleed her on the ground that, as one drinks in view of the thirst that will come, so one should be bled in anticipation of the disease by which one may be attacked. The nurse, however, assures him, in a phrase still in vogue, that she'll not make an apothecary-shop of her stomach.



REGENT'S PARK, LONDON.

The lover, before he knows that the distinguished practitioner is an impostor, discloses to him the true state of the affairs, informing him that the doctors have carefully "diagnosed" her case, some declaring that her disease was due to the brain, some to the stomach, some to the spleen, some to the liver, but love, nevertheless, was the sole and true cause.

Confidence begets confidence, and the wood-chopper tells how he was made a doctor, and how admirably the profession suits him. "They come to me from all quarters," he says, "and if matters go on in this way I shall certainly hold to it. 'Tis the best trade in the world, for whether one does right or wrong he is always paid all the same. A botched job is never thrown back upon our hands, and we cut the cloth that we work on as we like. A shoemaker is responsible for the leather he spoils, but with us we can destroy a man without a word of complaint. The blunders are not ours, and the fault is always with the man who dies. A particularly pleasant feature of the profession is, that among the dead there is a good-natured discretion, which prevents their ever complaining of the doctor who assisted at their exit from this world of care and trouble."

And another scene depicts the professional cupidity. Two peasants, father and son, appeared to the doctor, in favor of the wife and mother, who has been "sick in bed for six months." They would go on to detail the symptoms and the efforts made by the village apothecary to effect a cure, but he hears nothing till his steadily-extended hand receives the two pieces of silver which have been brought to purchase some remedy from the "miraculous doctor." The remedy is produced in the shape of a bit of cheese, "in which are gold, coral, pearls, and a variety of other precious materials;" should it fail to effect a cure, and the patient die, he recommends them to give her as handsome a funeral as possible.

M. Filerin, the friend of Death, representing the Faculty in "L'Amour Médecin," when trying to accommodate a difficulty which has arisen among his colleagues, tells them that, as men in general prey upon their fellows through the general weakness of mankind, the members of the Faculty should not hesitate to avail themselves of the opportunity offered them, since they can profit by the greatest of human weaknesses, the love of life, which secures to their profession the sincerest veneration. "Let us, then," he adds, "maintain the high position which this weakness has accorded us, and, by agreeing among ourselves, secure the reputation of effecting the cures which are made, while we shift upon the shoulders of Nature the result of whatever blunders we commit; nor let us foolishly throw away the chance of perpetuating a belief which provides a living for so many people, and, by means of the money of those whom we help over the Styx, enriches ourselves."

So much for their greed, which, taken in combination with their ignorance, impudent assumption, and utter recklessness as to responsibility, rendered the general practitioners of the day in the highest degree obnox-

ious to all who were not quite carried away by the superstitious feeling which, even in the present time of advanced civilization and intellectual development, almost deifies the family physician.

While Molière did not hesitate to ridicule in the severest manner the charlatans and quacks who were dignified by the title of doctor, his satire was aimed at the abuses only of a profession which, when properly supported, could command his respect. An anecdote is related of him which shows that he could number among his friends even a member of the much-reviled fraternity. The king one day said to him :

"I understand you have a doctor—what does he do for you?"

"Sire," was the reply, "we converse, and he prescribes remedies for me which I don't take—and I get well!"

It was in favor of the son of this doctor that he wrote to the king on the eve of the revival of "Tartuffe": "A very honest doctor, whose patient I have the honor to be, promises me, and offers to bind himself to that effect before a magistrate, to keep me alive these thirty years to come if I will obtain for him a certain gift from your majesty. I have told him, with regard to his promise, that I wouldn't ask so much as that, and that I would be quite content if he would obligate himself not to kill me. . . . Dare I ask this favor of your majesty, and on the very day of the resuscitation of 'Tartuffe'?" By the first art of grace, I am reconciled with the saintly; by the other, I would be with the doctors!"

## REGENT'S PARK.

ROYAL and aristocratic wealth and state whatever other results they may have had upon English growth and society, have at least conferred upon London its chief embellishments and adornments; and chief among these are its parks. Had not Henry VIII. desired a town expanse in which to lounge away his idle hours, and to hunt deer, and thus inclosed what was then the extreme West End of London, and is now known as Hyde Park, it is probable that the site now occupied by the most historic of all English parks would have been filled up long ago by compact blocks of fashionable houses. Hyde Park, indeed, remained a royal park, to which none but the sovereign and his courtiers were admitted, for centuries after King Hal had forever done persecuting wives and defying Rome; but the result is that the people have gained at last, by reason of the long-time royal monopoly, a beautiful territory, whereon one and all may wander at will. Kensington Gardens, contiguous to and practically forming a part of Hyde Park, are due to William of Orange, Queen Anne, and Caroline, the complacent queen of George II. "These gardens," it is said, "have been a favorite resort for one hundred and fifty years. The ladies of Queen Anne's days here loved to display their rich brocades and glossy damasks, while the wits and politicians of the Augustan age exchanged polished sarcasms on Stuart or Hanoverian, according to the

speaker's party." What was in the "Augustan age" the close preserve of the Herveys and Montagues, the Bellendens and Lephelles, is now the open common for the holiday-makers and hour-loungers of all London. Nursery-maids have taken the place of the court beauties and the wits. It was Henry VIII., too, who unconsciously endowed the modern cockney with the prettiest of all the metropolitan parks—that which takes its name from St. James's Palace—though the latter generation is also much indebted for its beauties to the merry Stuart, "who planted rows of elms and lime-trees, laid out the mall, formed the canal by connecting a line of ponds, constructed a duck-decoy, and intersected the park by numerous walks."

Unlike the noble series of parks in Westminster, extending in a practically unbroken series from the musty old government offices in Whitehall to what is still almost the suburb of Kensington, embracing St. James's, Green, and Hyde Parks, and Kensington Gardens, Regent's Park is modern, and was explicitly intended as a popular and not a royal resort. The largest of the London parks, it was laid out under the direction of the prince regent, afterward King George IV., in the year 1812. It was formed from a series of crown lands, and derived its name from the title of the royal "Florizel" who thus gave it to the people. It is situated in the north-western part of the metropolis, amid a modern-built neighborhood, and, when it was laid out, must have been as far out of town as the New-York Central Park originally was. To the north rises the broad, gradual slope and cone-like summit of famous Primrose Hill, worn bare now these many years by the feet of the multitude, having scarcely any foliage, with a lookout over London from the top which would have delighted the contemplative eye of Professor Teufelsdröckh. The chroniclers tell us that it was here, at the base of Primrose Hill, that Sir Edmondsbury Godfrey was found murdered on a raw morning several centuries ago; and other memories of the hill are many and dramatic. On the western limit of Regent's Park is the cozy and shady district of Portland Town, with its little secluded cottages and villas in St. John's Wood and North and South Bank. From one of these pretty winding streets George Eliot, the novelist, may descry the undulating expanse of Regent's Park. On the opposite, eastern, side of the park is that land of semi-suburban lodging-houses and comfortable retreats of well-to-do small tradesmen, Kentish Town; and a little farther off, the somewhat more prosperous Camden Town, most of which is the property of my Lord Marquis Camden; while just north of these are the picturesque and historic heights of Hampstead and of Highgate, redolent of memories of Coleridge, Leigh Hunt, Keats, and Shelley. Regent's Park itself is an irregular circle, occupying about four hundred and fifty acres of uneven ground, and was mainly laid out by Nash, the famous architect of half a century ago. It has fine broad avenues and open paths intersecting each other, the principal of these being the "Broad Walk," which extends from Park

Crescent at the head of Portland Place, in the south, to Albert Road in the north, in a direct line. This is intersected at right angles by Chester Road, leading from Chester Terrace to the circular Royal Botanical Garden within the park. The Broad Walk is the favorite promenade of the people of North London, and at certain times is populated by incursions of the aristocracy. It is broad and well shaded, supplied with fountains and large sculptured vases for rare plants, and with seats where the fatigued may rest and view the pleasant scene at leisure. It is only this end of Regent's Park which is cultured and park-like. A large space in the northwest is open turf, covering undulations, with the simplest of country-looking paths crossing and recrossing it. The park is bordered by a series of fine terraces on every side, planned and laid out by Nash and Burton with artistic taste, and extending completely around it. From Hanson Gate on the west to the "York and Albany" inn on the north, extends the pretty "Regent's Canal," with picturesque bridges crossing it here and there, and embowered in clusters of foliage and shrubbery on either bank. This canal lies between the terraces, which overlook it, and the high railings which shut off the park from the streets. No more delightful walk can be taken in London than the jaunt of two miles around this border. Facing the park on all sides are substantial old residences of the time of the regency, for when the park was laid out it became the fashion for many of the aristocracy and commercial magnates to have a house looking out upon it. The placid canal, embowered among its trees and plants, the handsome terraces, the quite rustic landscape as one looks across the green expanse, the distant view of Primrose Hill, and, farther off, of the heights of Haverstock Hill, Hampstead, and Highgate, give it a contrast to Hyde Park or St. James's, which are essentially urban in their characteristics. All the London parks except Green Park—which is little more than a simple inclosure of undecorated vacant land, albeit in the very midst of the aristocratic quarter—are provided with pleasant water expanses. In St. James's, a pond with a pretty island at either end stretches nearly from one gate to the other, crossed at the centre by a light suspension bridge. Hyde Park has its famous "Serpentine," an extensive though narrow street reaching into Kensington Gardens, and running parallel with that most aristocratic and fashionable of riding courses, "Rotten Row." So Regent's Park has, perhaps, the most attractive lake of all; a long, irregular form, shaped like a very fantastic letter Y, and studded with scrub-grown islets; while on its banks are here and there rich clusters of foliage. Between this winding eccentric lake and the Broad Walk is the circular inclosure of the Royal Botanical Gardens, comprising some eighteen acres, and to which is attached a "winter garden." Within the inclosure is a favorite and fashionable drive, called the "Inner Circle;" and from this, as it rises here and there to gentle elevations, the varied beauties of the park are visible. The Botanical Gardens are supplied with a rich

collection of exotic as well as native plants; and hither, three times each summer, flock a multitude of fashionable visitors, to witness a gorgeous display of flowers and the distribution of the prizes awarded by the government. Just outside the inclosure are the grounds of the Toxopholite Society, reaching to the narrow end of the lake. At the farther point of the water expanse, the visitor comes upon a secluded but stately mansion, wholly comprised within the limits of Regent's Park, and provided with a large, tree-sheltered garden, inclosed behind high walls, at its rear. This is Hertford House, the town residence of the Marquis of Hertford, who, by some old prescriptive privilege, retains the right to occupy his mansion within the park. Many are the stories told of the scandalous orgies of which Hertford House was the scene half a century ago, under a former marquis. Its neighborhood often resounded with the unseemly hilarity of its lordly company, and it is reported that the prince regent himself was not seldom of the number. Hertford House seems, in these days, sombre and deserted. Its lords have resided for years abroad, and silence has long reigned in its courts and halls. A little distance beyond is another inclosed mansion—Holford House—formerly an aristocratic private residence, but now, if we mistake not, the seat of a school; and truly no prettier site could be found where to teach the young idea how to shoot. Farther to the east, on the edge of the park, are Catharine's Lodge and St. Matthew's Charitable School; a little farther on, the famous "Colosseum," a striking edifice, where entertainments, half scientific and half amusing are given at frequent intervals.

The most attractive feature of Regent's Park, however, is the far-famed Zoological Gardens, which occupy a triangular space of perhaps fifteen acres at the northern end of the Broad Walk and along the Regent's Canal. It has long been the pride of Londoners, and no expense or care has been spared to make it the most complete collection of zoology in the world.

The "Zoo" has become in recent years a favorite a fashionable resort as Rotten Row or St. James's Mall. It is the custom of the West-End upper ten to resort thither on Sunday afternoons and promenade in its pleasant avenues enlivened by the sights and sounds of a bewildering variety of the animal world. Here the beaux and belles of society congregate, as did the wits and beauties of the Georgian era on the greensward of Kensington, to display fine dresses, chat over the gossip of the hour, and indulge in polite flirtation. As admission to these Sunday rendezvous is only to be had by permits from a Fellow of the Society, the *commune vulgus* are rigorously excluded, and the "best people" have the spacious grounds to themselves. In striking contrast with these is the multitude which invaded the "Zoo" on Monday, which is the "popular-price" day, when a sixpence opens the gate to the neediest. Then you see the British bourgeois and artisan and their families, troops of sturdy, good-natured, wondering folk, who come not thither to see each other, but to stand amazed at the animal

show; to ride on the elephants and giraffes, and see the hungry lions fed, and gaze amused at the ridiculous gyrations of the monkey community in their enormous cage. On other days the price of admission is a shilling, and large crowds of the common people frequent the "Zoo" on Saturday afternoons, when a cavalry-band discourses music in one of the tasteful pavilions.

No one can visit the animal treasures of the Zoological Gardens without a sentiment of wonder. Their preservation has reached there the perfection of science. No species of the animal world seems to have been omitted in the plan; and the large space devoted to the Gardens enables something like a representation of the natural haunts of each animal to be made. In all, there are nearly two thousand animals: many of them are descendants of the original animals placed in the Gardens when they were laid out nearly half a century ago. Nothing could be more picturesque than the disposition and adornment of the space. Swans and ibis, flamingoes, pelicans, and queer-shaped water-birds, are seen sunning themselves beside or floating in graceful miniature ponds, while the plants and shrubs which surround them hint of the distant regions whence they have been brought. Deer and antelopes are gliding in little turf-yards; the kangaroo has a familiar nook in a copse of shrubbery by himself. The elephants, guided by keepers, and their backs supplied with *howdahs*, wander at large beneath the high-spreading elms and chestnuts in the avenues. The amphibious rhinoceros and hippopotamus have independent mansions, supplied at the side by such murky ponds as they love to wallow in; the soft-eyed giraffe cranes his neck amiably over a high, slight fence, and sometimes commits playful depredations on visitors' hats and bonnets; the lions, tigers, leopards, jaguars, wolves, hyenas—malevolent beasts of the jungle, the prairie, and the steppe—are, of course, securely caged, the cages running in long rows and back to back. Most curious is the reptile-house, reminding one of the abodes of the pet snakes of the old kings of Mexico, and provided with a forbidding variety of the scaled and slimy creation, from the enormous boas and cobras to the green lizard and the glittering-eyed African viper. The bears have their pits, from the top of which one looks far down to see the antics of Bruin and his clumsy children in the well; from the centre of the pit rises a high, knotted, thick pole, up and down which the burly bears are perpetually climbing; while the beaver must feel quite at home with his hut, dam, and pond, very much as he had them in his days of youthful liberty. It is said that Darwin, when preparing his "Descent of Man," was wont to repair to the Zoological Gardens to study the habits of the animals under all their conditions of eating, sleeping, quarreling, playing, caprice, irritation, and pleasure; and even the less learned, whose motive is but that of the curiosity which is universal in humanity, may half unconsciously learn much from contemplating this magnificent collection of flesh and fowl, which probably at least rivals the royal menageries of ancient Persia and Hindostan.

## A MIDSUMMER MADNESS.

WE were very great friends, Margaret Denham and I; She was tall and commanding; I, simple and shy; She, brilliant and handsome, contours like a Greek, While a deep damask rose lighted up her dark cheek; A beauty, a princess, by birthright was she; But how little, Dame Nature, you e'er did for me! I was small, not a blonde (that is pretty, you know, With hair of soft gold, and a forehead of snow)—I've neither the beauties of blonde or brunette; Not the orbs of dark blue, or, still better, of jet; Nor hair that is dazzling—my braids are dark brown, And my skin is the same; my eyelids droop down. Arthur always did say that my eyes were not bad; But, do what I could, the expression was sad. For you see it's not pleasant to be a plain girl, While the men are all wild for the flattering curl Of a belle and a beauty! Yet Margaret and I Got on very well, and we shall till we die.

For Margaret, like many a beauty I've seen, Was in temper an angel, in talent a queen. Admirations to her—what was it but air? She had had it a lifetime, enough to spare. In temper an angel!—yes, always to me! Her charity boundless and grand like the sea. But falsehood she hated, and aught that was mean Brought down her contempt and excited her spleen; So perhaps she was not quite an angel. At least To me was her love a perpetual feast! She thought me "piquant," and would smooth my brown hair, And endeavor, how vainly! to give me an "air;" Would praise my small waist at expense of her own, And in all that she did there was excellent tone; No flattery, patronage—any such word Was to Margaret unknown! She never had heard Of a thing like a "toady"—at least to desire That such a poor thing should curl down by her fire. In all her kind friendship, we equals must be; My thought was untrammeled, my speech was as free As if Nature had made me as grand as herself, Instead of a poor and a tame little elf! Do you wonder I loved her? Ah! men cannot know That there cometh a love which surpasseth all show, When a woman like this reaches down from her throne And lifts up a sister to share like her own! I know there is jealousy, rampant and mad; I know there is malice, obtrusive and bad; I know there is envy, that matches by night, And casts o'er its victim a villainous blight. These sins are as common as mud in the street, But are they the only contestants we meet? Who knows but there may be a generous strife— For "who shall be noblest?" a war to the knife!

Perhaps there's a contest—for once in a way Pray list to what Margaret and I had to say. We both loved one man, you know that's *en rigle*;

*That always must happen, else never a tale Of love and disaster!* You know men are free To love and to woo; but not so are we. We must wait till we're wooed, we must slowly be won, And, while we are waiting, the loved one is gone!

The lovers came out rather slowly to me; In all that "wild border" of offers but three Ever came to my gleaning. One, old Mr. Brown,

Six children had he, and all through the town He had tried for a wife since that martyr, his own, Had laid herself patiently under the stone Which recorded her virtues—I didn't want him!

Nor the neat little rector, conceited and slim, Who proposed to me, not without giving a hint That he thought I should love him, and serve without stint

*Such an angel of goodness and sainthood as he!* But he had but few praises to lavish on me! And the third one was crazy, poor Mr. Van Loo.

(My aunt said, "He must be, to offer to *you!*"') So you see I had clearly been flattered not much, No soft buds of compliment fell at my touch. I could pick up the crumbs that my neighbor let fall, And be grateful for favors doled out, that was all!

But a maidenly heart beat aloud in my breast, I could love and be loved, I was sure, like the rest.

I'd not marry for place, or for fortune, or name, But for dearest, bright love, for aught else is a shame.

"Gertrude dearest," said Margaret, "go with me to-night

To the ball, and I hope that your dress will be bright;

Wear pink, with these roses, an offset to me! For I must wear lilac to tone down, you see! My color gets high as the dancing goes on, While you keep as cool as the pearl of the *ton*, Miss Laura Golightly!" (Here Gertrude receives

A garniture perfect of roses and leaves.)

"Be my Ruth, dear, and quietly garner my sheaves!

Now we're on Bible women—I'll coolly confess They make me a Vashti, a Jael—no less, I assure you! I'm dreadful in roses at night; I've enough of my own to be *nearly* a fright!"

It was thus that she made me a hundred sweet gifts;

She knew that I needed these delicate rifts From her ocean of bounty! My poor little purse

Was but slenderly filled at the best; at the worst,

Margaret always had something she "wished to divide,"

And, before I could argue, the want was supplied.

So we went to the ball: she, in lilac, so proud In her sumptuous beauty; the men in the crowd Took her up with their eyes, and bore her along!

I followed her, like the refrain of a song! No looks rained confession that rested on me, No one had expression for other than she!

Yet never one moment forgot she her friend— Introduced me, and gained me of partners no end!

She had them, dear girl, for herself, and to lend. And sometimes I heard, as I took my brief flight, "Your friend, little Gertrude, looks *quite* well to-night!"

Well, I knew that my roses became me; you see

My looking-glass whispered that secret to me; And my aunt—stern old Puritan!—almost said so,

For her eyes had looked "Yes!" while her mouth had cried "No!" But the final indorsement came late, as it will; But, late as it may be, we wait for it still.

Arthur came for the German, no other than he!

He was tall, he was graceful, a lofty young tree!

Small head, like a Greek, and a figure as light As his, who has watched for the arrow's long flight

From the Vatican gallery. Blue were his eyes, As the gentian that watches the October skies; Like a pomegranate-fruit were his fresh open lips,

And his teeth gleamed beneath them like orange-flower tips!

Yes! Arthur was dancing with Margaret awhile. Did he know that I waited a word or a smile? That smile! I have never seen like it on earth! Not a nature more gracious than that gave it birth.

When he entered all others looked common and dim,

And his courtesy sweet filled my cup to the brim.

He asked me to dance; the music played low, And the waltz, as we circled, was graceful and slow.

The midsummer night seemed to wrap us around

In a mantle supreme, of love, perfume, and sound.

He told me, "I never had danced so before—Was it measure, or music, or was it the floor? I had always danced well—but 'twas better to-night,"

And his eyes looked in mine—oh, so splendidly bright!

He held my hand close, drew me near and more near!

"You, Gertrude, you only, I love: will you, dear,

Try to love me a *little*? I do not deserve it; But give me your heart, and I'll try to preserve it!"

Yes, he, only he! so peerless, so good, Bowed down to my heart, in his noble manhood;

He asked for my love with the tone of a slave, Making me his bright empress, to kill or to save!

Out of all the fair women, *this* woman he chose! Could I hesitate? Yes, my eye fell on a rose, One that caught up my dress, where Margaret had stooped,

Not liking the way that my woman had looped, And had given her once faultless touch to the dress—

What did she once say, what did she confess? What secret was mine, that she gave me to keep?

What name had I heard from her lips in her sleep?

It was Arthur she loved ! In her roses to-night  
I was stealing him from her ! Ah, me ! what  
a plight !

Do you wonder I made a precipitate flight,  
Pleaded headache, went home, with my hopes  
and my fears,  
And began a long contest with heart-ache and  
tears ?

Next morning he came, so gallant and true  
(My Arthur ! there never was lover like you !);  
But I conquered, and told a brave lie, which, I  
pray,

The angels above may weep-over some day,  
And blot out from the page. I told him, I  
prosed,  
*That I could not quite love him*—dismissed him  
unmoved,  
And saw him go down the broad pathway alone,  
While I watched from the window, a statue of  
stone !

Ten years have elapsed since the pain of that  
day ;

At my feet, as I write, are her children at play;  
Arthur married my friend—men love not as  
we,

Nor could he find others as peerless as she !  
Had I taken him up in that moment of bliss,  
Would our life have been perfect and happy as  
this ?

No ! I could not have been all that she is to  
him ;

I could not, as she, fill his cup to the brim ;  
And I knew that the music, the light, and the  
dance,

Had carried him from his allegiance. Per-  
chance,

Had I answered him "Yes!" he had cherished  
his wife—

And I should have loved him far better than  
life ;

But he would have missed all the splendor and  
joy,

And I should have tasted that bitter alloy,  
Which comes when we melt with our friend-  
ship's pure gold,

Ingratitude, hateful, and selfish, and cold !

Now I know that I paid, with my heart's dear-  
est blood,

For the kindness she poured in such generous  
blood

O'er my girlhood forlorn. And the best of it  
lies

In the fact that she knows not my grand sac-  
rifice !

Like a sweet benediction falls Arthur's kind  
look,

As I sit with his children around me ; a book,  
Full of fairies and legend, perhaps on my knee.  
They think there is no story-teller like me !  
So I spin them a cobweb from out of my brain,  
And all of them ask that I "tell it again !"  
My dear blue-eyed critics ! are *encore* like that  
Would make the applause of a nation seem flat.  
I ask for no audience better than youth ;  
From those dearest lips falls there nothing  
but truth ;

If one makes a failure, it's better to know it ;  
And if youth is not pleased, it is quite sure to  
show it.

I do not intend, now, to hang out my banners,  
Nor to show off my strength in my bonnet or  
manners,

Both shall always be quite "*à la mode*."  
For my sweet, single sister, this one word shall  
be :

You never can know, 'neath their joy and their  
sadness ;

But each may have conquered a  
"Midsummer madness !"

M. E. W. S.

## MISCELLANY.

### MINOR ORIGINAL ARTICLES, TRANSLA- TIONS, AND SELECTIONS.

#### THE TRABUCO IN ARAGON.

(From the German, for the JOURNAL.)

**M**Y Catalonian traveling-companion had often called my attention to the *trabuco*, which in Aragon plays the same rôle that *nawja* played in Andalusia.

The mania for "kniving" is so rife here among the middle and lower orders, that no gathering among them is conceivable without two or three bloody collisions. The more cultured classes also suffer from this choleric irritability, which, on every occasion, seizes the knife. Nor is the method which the Aragoneses adopt in his "kniving" at all consonant with the knightly honor the world is wont to attribute to the inhabitants of the Iberian Peninsula. The Frenchman, in his feuds, evinced more or less of the old German nobility which characterized the Franks and Normans. Among the southern peoples of Roman origin, on the contrary, there is a preponderance of cunning and brutality, which, seemingly, has come down to them from Rome, when she was in her decline. While in France, as in Germany, the enemy is challenged to single combat, furnished with the same weapon, and given the same chances, in the south of Europe they seem to think that the injured party, or the party who thinks himself injured, alone has any rights. It is specially the middle and southern Italians and the Aragoneses who belong to this category, and what the latter lack in cunning and perfidy they make up in the fury of their anger and the virility of their energy.

If the Aragoneses expended half as much energy in useful labor as in avenging real or imaginary wrongs, Saragossa within twenty years would rival the neighborhood of Heidelberg in beauty and productiveness, Teruel would receive millions yearly for her stone-coals, and Huesca would supply the whole peninsula with metals; but the inhabitants of this unfortunate province much prefer flourishing a knife to bending over a spade.

The following characteristic incident shows that even the first circles of Saragossa are not without their *trabuco*-episodes. I have the particulars from a young Englishman, who has, for some years, been a resident of the Aragones capital. Anywhere else such an event would be talked of for years, but here it was seemingly forgotten before the end of the season.

My informant narrated the incident essentially as follows :

Last winter I went for the first time to the annual subscription ball, given at the city theatre. Very naturally I looked forward to the *fête* with some interest, for nowhere can you study the peculiarities of the Spanish character so well as at these public reunions.

I arrived at nine o'clock, and found the large hall already well filled. The Spaniard, lazy and indifferent as he naturally is, likes to be punctual at places of amusement.

By-the-way, you should go to the next subscription ball. You will have no other opportunity so good to see our best people, especially the ladies. The Saragossa women, for a time, are remarkably handsome, but their charms soon fade. When they are thirty they are already decidedly *passées*; yes, at thirty they are usually old women in the most disagreeable signification of the word. It does not seem possible that the lithe, graceful sylphs, who, in the bright light of the chandeliers, glide over the floor of the parquette with such ease and rapidity, in a few years will be shallow, wrinkled duennas, whose sharp, unsympathetic voices at the

outset inspire us with a certain antipathy. There are no more beautiful dancers in the world than the young girls of Saragossa; but he who marries one of them is like the inexperienced East Indian, who bought of a Britisher a beautiful piece of ice, and undertook to carry it in the hot sun.

Among the ladies, on the evening in question, who graced the ball with their presence, the two daughters of a prominent official were conspicuous, as well on account of their social position as of their personal attractions. When I entered the hall, they were just about to make its circuit, leaning on the arms of their mother.

One of them, a pale, slim girl, with an interesting as well as beautiful face, and a wealth of dark, wavy hair, seemed to be in an exceedingly melancholy mood. The mother, from time to time, appeared to try to cheer her up; now she would whisper an encouraging word in her ear, and now by a look seem to entreat her to bear herself with a little more dignity.

Everybody seemed to take an interest in the young lady, and of course to observe her. Behind me stood two elderly gentlemen in conversation. I could distinctly hear what they said.

"There is Señorita Inez," observed the one.

"Yes," replied the other. "The journey did not last as long as was anticipated. What will Lieutenant Don Pablo do now ?"

"Ah, you don't seem to know that they have come to an understanding."

"Indeed ! That's news to me."

"Yes, the affair is off, by mutual consent; at least so I was told yesterday at the club."

"Ah !"

"Señorita Inez is already betrothed to another. The mother thought it advisable to marry her to some one else as soon as possible."

"Poor child !"

"I don't know that she is so much to be pitied."

"How so ?"

"Well, Don Pablo is one of the most jealous men in the world. He would have worried her to death."

"Ah ! but love readily excuses such trifles."

"Who knows ? Besides, her future husband is an exceedingly estimable man, who will be sure to make her happy."

"But how is that possible, when she loves another ?"

"Well, at all events, the matter is settled. Her parents were so decidedly opposed to Pablo, that a reconciliation was impossible. You have no idea how determined they were to separate them ! At first they went to the commandant and asked him to transfer Pablo to another garrison; but the commandant replied that he could not comply with their request, as Lieutenant Pablo had always discharged his duties to the entire satisfaction of his superiors; and, besides, that his family connections justified him in becoming a suitor for the hand of any lady in the province. The parents, however, were immovable, and sent their daughter to Burgos."

"And how long was she away ?"

"Three months."

"The parents could not have thought their daughter susceptible of a very lasting attachment. Three months !"

"Long enough to forget a caprice."

"And are you so sure that the affair is really ended ?"

"Oh, there is no doubt of it. Señorita Inez has written to the lieutenant, informing him that she releases him from his promise."

"Well, and—"

"Well, and ? Isn't that sufficient to end the matter for good and all ?"

"But is the lieutenant willing to be released ?"

"Well—no."

"Ah, do you see! In matters of this kind it takes two to unmake a bargain, as well as to make one."

"Well, yes, I suppose it does. And then Pablo does not seem to relinquish his pretensions, for he has written to her, expressing the wish that, if she really cares for him, she will avoid all places of public amusement."

"Ah! do you see that?"

"But how does it happen that Señorita Inez, in defiance of this demand, comes to the ball? This circumstance is certainly not very encouraging for the lieutenant."

"Oh, she is here in obedience to her mother's wishes."

"That is possible; indeed, it seems probable."

Now a third person approached the two gentlemen, and began with genuine Spanish *barbaro-dage* to discuss the same theme. He was a little, nervous man, about thirty years of age, whose bald head contrasted singularly with his youthful face.

"Do you know," said he, with a chuckle, "do you know that Lieutenant Pablo has forbidden his *ci-devant fiancée* to dance?"

"Is it possible?"

"*Sí, caballeros,*" continued the little man, "it is. Señorita Inez wrote him a letter in which she told him she was compelled, although much against her will, to attend the ball, and begged him not to judge her too severely, for, if she was obliged to outwardly seem indifferent, she was most sad at heart. To this the lieutenant answered that he hoped she would at least not dance, for the mere thought of seeing her in the arms of another was of itself almost sufficient to drive him mad."

The orchestra now began to play a spirited polka. Within two minutes the floor was full of dancers.

"There, there, you can see what effect the lieutenant's letter has," said one of the elderly gentlemen to whom I had been listening.

"On my soul, you are right!" stammered the other; "there she is, dancing."

Señorita Inez had finally yielded to the importunities of a cavalier, and, although deathly pale, was whirling around the hall with the others.

"You see I was right, after all," said the skeptic, who had doubted the depth of her love. "So it goes! to-day dying of a longing after one, and to-morrow the happy bride of another. The gentleman is doubtless her present *fiancé*!"

"I don't know; but look yonder—by the column!"

"What is it?"

"The lieutenant! Doesn't he look like one risen from the grave? What a face he makes over it!"

"He is pale with rage."

"Ah, he hastens away—he is going to be avenged. In another moment you will see him whirl past us with some *señorita*, like the rest."

The conjecture was wrong. The lieutenant disappeared in the crowd, and was not seen again during the dance; nor did he appear again until Señorita Inez's partner conducted her back to her seat. Then he pushed his way hastily through the throng. I could hardly believe my eyes, when I saw him, as he reached Señorita Inez, draw some dark object from his bosom and thrust it toward her back. It looked to me much like a fan, and the whole movement seemed more like a bit of pleasantries than any thing else—such a liberty, for example, as a brother would take with a sister, or one cousin with another. But I was destined to soon be convinced of my error. When the lieutenant withdrew the dark object, the young girl fell forward with a groan, and in a very few minutes she breathed her last in the arms of her mother.

The mysterious weapon the lieutenant had thrust into the back of the ill-starred girl was a *trabuco*.

"Murder!—murder!—murder!" cried the woman, and in a moment all was commotion and excitement.

Don Pablo made no effort whatever to escape. He folded his arms and looked at his victim with an expression of wild content. He gave the mother of the poor girl a look of savage hatred, and allowed himself to be led quietly away. What now follows is even more characteristic than the incident itself. A very considerable portion of those present expressed a desire, despite the terrible crime that had just been committed in their midst, to continue the dancing as though nothing had occurred, and, had the managers not had a sufficient sense of propriety to oppose it, they would have gone on dancing over the very spot where one of their number had just been assassinated.

The opinions expressed with regard to the lieutenant's criminality differed as widely from what they would have been under normal conditions as can well be imagined. The majority of the young men boldly asserted that the assassin was quite right—that they would have acted similarly under like circumstances; and one of Pablo's army comrades even went so far as to say he ought to have served the mother as he did the daughter, for she was the real cause of the tragedy.

The next day mass was said in one of the churches for the murdered girl, all traces of the bloody deed were washed from the hall, and in the evening it was as well filled as usual with amusement-seekers.

The administration of justice in Aragon runs parallel with the Aragonese predilection for the *trabuco*. Under none of the various governments of Spain have they succeeded in executing the letter of the criminal law as we see it executed in other civilized countries. And this sufficiently accounts for the *nonchalance* with which the fiery sons of Saragossa and Huesca deal each other their *trabuco-thrusts*. Twice out of three times the assassin succeeds in getting beyond the jurisdiction of the local courts, in which case he is quite secure against Aragonese justice. As for a well-organized and well-disciplined police force, such as we find in other European countries, they have none. Their *guardias civiles* are but a lame apology for efficient gendarmes. Not unfrequently it happens, especially in the villages and small cities, that a man who has killed another for some real or supposed injury takes refuge for a year or two in Navarre or Southern France, and then returns to his native town with perfect security.—"Skizzen aus Aragonien," von Ernst Eckstein.

#### JULES JANIN AND RACHEL.

(From the German, for the JOURNAL.)

JANIN is often called the "Father of the Feuilleton." If by this is meant that he brought the *feuilleton* into existence, then it is not correct; he was, however, the guardian and the tutor of the new-born child, whose real father died young. The feuilleton as it at present exists certainly owes its character and temperament to him.

Chronologically, the first *feuilletoniste* was the Abbé Geoffroy, a sagacious, tolerably witty, but pedantic writer, who, at the time of the first emperor, on the first page of one of the Paris journals, in the lower portion of the first columns, gave the public his impressions of what he saw at the theatres. After his death other writers, now forgotten, gave more or less of their time to this specialty, until finally Jules Janin took the weakling in hand.

Thanks to him, the feuilleton received

new life. Instead of the pompous, dignified style in which his predecessors expressed their carefully-considered opinions, his was natural, colloquial, and good-humored, and the very naughtiness of it appeared amiable. He cared not a snap for so-called "dignity of style"—that "dignity" under which, nowadays, the critical numskulls so often conceal—or try to conceal—their ignorance, in order to make people believe they are kings. He was not above getting off a good or bad witicism if one suggested itself to him. He was of opinion that lightness of form was incompatible with weightiness of matter, or amusement with instruction, and that it is not a sin to be entertaining.

Janin is the father of the so-called "feuilleton style," and in it he is, so far as I know, equalled by no one, much less surpassed. Hundreds of the feuilletines he wrote for the *Journal des Débats* are literary masterpieces. Indeed, I never read one from his pen without real profit.

At the beginning of his brilliant career his influence increased from week to week, and a success he achieved as critic, when he had been for scarcely two years on the staff of the *Débats*, gave him the position and influence he held against all comers for nearly thirty-five years.

It was in August, 1838; Janin, who was at a loss to know what he should say to his readers in his next feuilleton, on the evening of the 18th went to the Théâtre Français, where a newly-engaged beginner was playing *Camille* in "Les Horaces" to empty benches. The young girl had already played six times without any one thinking it worth his while to take any notice of her. On the 18th the house, as on the preceding evenings, was nearly empty. On the morning of the 20th Janin's notice of the performance appeared, and on the evening of the 20th the house was full, and the beginner a celebrity. The name of this beginner was Rachel.

I cannot refrain from giving my readers, in translation, this feuilleton, which was the starting-point of the fame of the great tragedienne:

Listen attentively to my words, and prepare yourselves for great things. At this moment the Théâtre Français is the scene of a remarkable triumph, of which the entire nation may well be proud.

We possess the most remarkable, most wonderful little girl which the present generation has seen on the stage. This child—note well her name—this child is called Rachel. About a year ago she made her first appearance at the Gymnase, and I alone said at that time that she had great talent, and that a great future awaited her. No one was disposed to believe me; they said I laid it on too thick. Alone, I was not able to maintain her in her position—or rather secure for her a position in the little theatre. A few days after her *début* the child disappeared from the boards of the Gymnase, and I was perhaps the only one who remembered her. Now suddenly she reappears, this time at the Théâtre Français, in the immortal tragedies of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire. Now, at last, has she appeared in those plays which alone are worthy of her precocious genius. Marvelous! a little, untutored thing, without art-culture, appears as the central figure in our old tragedies. And this little girl breathes new life into these old tragedies! Yes, life and fire are all around her. Truly, it is wonderful! And now don't forget that the child is small and rather ugly, narrow-cheeked, plebeian in her appearance, low and trivial in her conversation. I met her yesterday behind the scenes. She said to me: "It was I that was over to the Gymnase," to which I naturally replied, "I knew it."

She does not take the trouble to inquire

who Tancred was, or Horatius, Hermione, Pyrrhus, or Helens; nor does she know anything about them—about them, in fact, or anybody else. But she has something better than acquired knowledge: she has the divine spark of genius, which illuminates all around her. She is hardly on the stage when she becomes a giantess; her head rises, her breast widens, her eyes receive another expression, her gestures are like sounds that come from the soul; her words, full of passion, reecho in the uttermost parts of the hall. And so she moves through a Corneille tragedy, sowing horror and amazement in her path. Passion, majesty, grandeur—nothing is strange to her. Heaven and earth for this wonderful child is here! She was born in the regions of Poesy, and not only knows all her most secret and hidden springs, but also how to unveil them. The actors who play with her look at her amazed; tragedy lives again. Only let her grow up—this little girl, who, without knowing it, effects a revolution! Only let another inspired youth appear, and the real gods of the poetic world will return; then we shall see the extinguished tapers on the altars of Racine and Corneille relighted.

But we have an important duty to perform. The new-comer must be cared for, looked after, encouraged; if we do our duty toward her, she will soon repay us by making our stage the possessor of the greatest tragic actress in the world! And when we shall have fitly encouraged the youthful *artiste*, then we may also be permitted to tell her a few useful truths, without doing which we should not do our whole duty. She evinces enthusiasm and courage, and, by Apollo, she does not belong to that class of mediocre people at whom the critic, *en passant*, throws a few sugared phrases, and then occupies himself no further about them!

Mademoiselle Rachel possesses a bright and powerful intelligence, which is served by a weak voice—a blade of gold in a scabbard of clay. She is a remarkable example of what heart and soul can do in art, independent of their mortal tenement.

Meanwhile we will see whether you, young women, who now have nothing to recommend you but your good looks, when you shall have seen what this frail, ignorant child, by the power of her dramatic inspiration alone, has achieved; whether you, afterward as before, will continue to ogle the ungrateful partisans; whether you will continue to indulge in imploring gestures, sweet smiles, and winning *naisseries* (sillinesses), which are as far from being acting as the varnish on a picture is from being painting.

The effect this *critique* produced can be best expressed in figures.

The first representations in which Rachel took part yielded the following receipts:

June 12th—"Horace".....	753 francs.
" 16th—"Cinna".....	558 "
" 23d—"Horace".....	303 "
	1,615 francs.
July 9th—"Andromaque".....	373 francs.
" 11th—"Clina".....	348 "
" 15th—"Andromaque".....	736 "
	1,459 francs.
June and July.....	3,067 francs.

On the 20th of August Janin's article appeared.

From the 20th of August to December 31, 1858, Rachel played forty times, and these forty performances put into the treasury of the Théâtre Français 167,755 francs, making an average of 4,194 francs for each performance, against an average of 511 francs for the performances before his *critique* appeared.

Of this feuilleton, "The Discovery of Rachel," Janin always spoke with a great deal

of pride. It is among those most famous, as is the one upon his marriage (October 16, 1841) among the most notorious. On this latter occasion he had the bad taste to take for his theme "Le Mariage du Critique," and wrote an article filling twelve feuilleton columns, in which he told his readers how his charming young wife trembled at his side when they stood before the altar; how she looked at him; what thoughts her glances gave rise to; why he married, and a thousand other things for which nobody cared but himself. For years this heinous sin against good taste, this unparalleled tactlessness was thrown up to him whenever he got into any discussion; and for years he was known in the Parisian press by the nickname of "Le Critique Marisé." His influence, however, as critic, was not affected by this *fauz pas*.

Janin made as easy work of journalism as possible. In many branches he was master, was thoroughly at home, and took advantage of the prestige he had gained in these to write about things of which he was ignorant, and with sublime carelessness to dish up his fantasies to his readers for facts. When he was caught, he would simply laugh and shrug his shoulders. Here is an example: He one day thought it incumbent upon him to tell his readers something about the most famous of the German actors. Still he did not think it worth while to make any inquiries or researches; the result was, that one Monday morning the readers of the *Journal des Débats* learned that among the most noted of contemporary dramatic artists were "Quiddebags," "Schumradluk," "Kokpaty," "Rschemblx," and the like. A few days after this article appeared, I, with a countryman, who knew Janin well, met him in the foyer of one of the Parisian theatres. I had told my friend about it, and he took occasion to broach the subject.

"But, my dear *mastro*," said my companion, "what queer German names you treated us to the other day! Somebody has been amusing himself at your expense. Those are not German names any more than they are French."

Janin laughed. "Then I didn't get them right, eh? No matter, *mon ami*; our readers don't care how your German players are called, and I don't write for you and your countrymen. I suspected I hadn't got them just right. But how are you?"

"Very well—and you?"

"Well enough, except this accursed gout. Au revoir, *mon ami*!"

#### AT A MAN-MILLINER'S.

MONSIEUR TROIS-ÉTOILES's admirers and customers base their reverent regard on loftier reasons than the mere fashion of the moment. They believe in monsieur's mission—a regenerative one—in the matter of trains, and underskirts, and *polonoises*. They consider that a male reformer was necessary, averring that women's minds are too absorbed by the study of details to be able to regulate the general principles of costume; they consider that monsieur deserves his celebrity, his irreproachable horses, that Swiss villa at Enghien, all the moral and material harvest he has reaped, by real services rendered to the art of self-decoration. Monsieur is an artist, and should be judged from a purely artistic point of view. "See his *atelier*" (who would dare call it shop or work-room?), "examine his studies in the rough, unprejudiced by any fear of paying for them; and monsieur will have one traducer the less." Such are the theories and recommendations of the Comtesse O Tempora and Maréchale O Mores. Monsieur did not receive his customers' husbands, brothers, and fathers, as a rule; but the comtesse and maréchale are all-powerful

in the *atelier*, and an exception was made in my favor.

We pass through a double door; we mount a padded staircase, hung with silk, heated like a conservatory capable of raising pines, and smelling of *poudre de riz*. Evergreens to right and left make a dwarf avenue of the staircase. There are flowers in hanging corbelets—camellias and lilies; there is an eternal ascending and descending procession of pretty women: briefly, we mount Jacob's ladder. And the ladder leads to pleasant places. On the first floor there is a busy, noiseless coming and going, the flutter and *frou-frou* of femininity, and still that perfume of flowers, that neither sex nor spin, but simply deal at Monsieur Trois-Étoiles, and find that function arduous enough. On either side folding-doors were opened wide, and in and out passed young girls, whose figures presented fantastic outlines, being clad in the costumes of six months hence—whose heads were strange and wonderful with unpublished chignons. These horribly progressive damsels sped the parting customers with polite assurances of quick delivery, welcomed the coming with nice little ready-made phrases of delight and surprise. . . . We traversed three or four large saloons, furnished with a quiet taste that, to some minds, did the great man-milliner rather more credit than most of the garments he has named and patented. Broad oak tables were in the centre of the rooms, and spread out upon them cuttings of pink, green, yellow, and black fabrics, interspersed with delicate laces and exquisite specimens of the artificial floriculturist's art, in garlands, bouquets, and "trimmings." Everywhere the same subdued, decidedly genteel agitation reigned.

Monsieur was still invisible. We advanced in search of him into the furthermost saloon, where, on wonderfully life-like manikins, are hung the complete toilettes, perfected a day or two ago, and ready for delivery. Monsieur gives his private view no less than the contributors to the *Salon*, and in a studio that will quite bear comparison with the comfortless barns of the Rue des Martyrs. The walls are one vast sheet of looking-glass, and reflect head, shoulders, and unto the last inches of the trains. From morning to night groups of well-bred enthusiasts collect around the studies, and the fumes of most delicate incense rise into the illustrious Trois-Étoiles's nostrils. The more extravagant costumes are generally labeled for Germany; when not, it must be said, for England. The simple creations—not quite Arcadian, even these!—remain in Paris. . . . A moving tempest of tulle, Chinese crêpe, and lace, passes before us, borne aloft at arm's-length by damsel, who disappear in its clouds. That is Madame O Tempora's dress, and the comtesse disappears to try it on behind folding-doors, through the chinks of which a white vivid light is streaming. We are left during the trying-on process in a genteel chaos of discreet young ladies, clients, and clerks. The *mastro* is still invisible, but he is replaced by a young man, small, spare, and active, who dances from point to point in the midst of clerks, customers, *fleuristes*, show-women, cutters-out, etc., ejaculating orders in dubious French, like a well-bred but epileptic clown.

At last I am informed that the first stages of the trying-on process are over. We can penetrate into the illuminated sanctuary. The sanctuary is rather like the *coulisse* of a minor theatre. The windows are bricked up, enormous glasses are affixed to the walls. The centre of the room is void; around it, on a species of counter, on sofas, chairs, and ottomans, are odds and ends of stuff, flowers, ribbons, shreds of tulle, spangles, beads—the costumier's room before a new ballet or burlesque. A row of foot-lights, fitted with movable shades, serves in lieu of chandelier, keep-

ing the upper part of the room in shadow, and illuminating the person and the toilet under examination as they ought to be illuminated in every decent ballroom. Here is Madame O Tempora, receiving the shower of electric light, bare-necked, though it is not later than two p. m., with a complacent equanimity, that says a good deal for the strength of her nervous system. A young woman is kneeling before her, pinning up an invisible plait in the bodice, festooning a new "effect" (among other ameliorations, monsieur has reformed the dress-maker's phraseology; it is now highly artistic and picturesque) at the side. Under the raised arms little girls pass to and fro, handing strips of muslin, flowers, and pin-boxes. A shred or flower is taken now and then, and plastered, with the decision of sudden inspiration, on the skirt. It is a dress rehearsal. Three times already the illustrious Trois-Étoiles has been sent for. Three times, with the air of a veteran victor at the decisive moment of a hot engagement, la première has half opened an inner door to announce that the maestro is about to appear. He is near at hand, in the next room, bestowing a consultation on a lady with an eyeglass, *d'après* of a newly-made, magnificent costume, which he considers his *chef-d'œuvre*. He is right. I cast an indiscreet glance into the adjoining room when the door opens, and I must allow that the composition in question is a very poem, a piece of the wardrobe of Utopia. A dress of white *faye*, ornamented with *points de Venise*, so intertwined and involved as to make the masculine brain giddy; the corsage is cut square; the whole is rich, and withal simple. It would befit a sofa and novel at home, and not be out of place at the Orleans' garden-parties at Chantilly. The doors open wide, the maestro appears. His person is disappointing, though undeniably Britannic. He is a pink-and-white dapper man, with fat and shiny face; his hair parted in the middle; his mustache pendent, and highly oleaginous. A thick, white throat, inclosed by a fawn-colored ribbon, a tight-fitting frock-coat, a chronic smile, a bow that does not incline his body: these are the descriptive items remarked by a cursory observer of the great Trois-Étoiles. His voice is strong and high; his accent is boldly insular. He looks round with an absent air, then suddenly speaks. He has seen at a glance what is missing in Madame O Tempora's toilet. The train has been drawn out carefully to its full length before his arrival. "What are you thinking of, Esther? Madame's figure must have nothing but draperies. Too low in the neck. An *épaulette en biais*. A *soussois* to the right at the hip. Take half that bouquet at the breast away.—And do you go to Trouville this year, madame?" His manner is easy, assured, and well-bred. He has genius of a certain kind, undeniable tact, and imperturbable *sang-froid*. And I think he believes in his mission. A messenger is dispatched to remote regions, and presently the folding-doors are thrown open, and two young ladies enter, preceding an extraordinary apparition. A slight damsel, whom the master calls Mary, a dark-eyed English girl, with that indescribable air known as *noga* in Italian, *listo* in Spanish, *espigüe* or *délivré* in French, and perhaps "widewake" in English, advances erect and haughty, dressed as a rainbow. Like a queen of comedy, she places herself in the strong white light of the foot-lamps. The electric rays smite on multitudinous scales and spangles. She glitters from head to foot like a pillar of golden ore, or like a stalactite. The exhibition has been noised through the rooms, and visitors and employés gather at the doorway, and mount on chairs to obtain a better view. Happily, Mary is not timid. She turns, bends, takes a few steps, dragging that rainbow train after her, never smiling, never

heeding the spectators, simply fulfilling a mission. A noble duchess is to wear the costume at an Italian fancy ball. The corsage is made with basques, cut according to the fashion of the middle ages; it is covered with golden scales, and seems to explode under the converging lights. On the chest there is a rainbow garland; the skirt is in tulle, very long, with iris colors on the flounces. The head-dress is high, with a firmament of stars set on a field of the same prismatic hues. The fan and shoes are to match, even the gloves, even the comb. The allegory is conscientiously studied in all its details. Monsieur remains cool in the midst of wild enthusiasm. His is the composed demeanor of a successful author. He has retired behind the counter, and salutes, without bending, the noble company at the door. Miss Mary stoops slightly. Four little girls advance, bearing a pile of lilac satin. The rainbow disappears, falls suddenly; and, on the simple black costume left apparent, in a moment, as though by enchantment or Porte St. Martin machinery, the dress of an Incroyable is elaborated. An Incroyable à la Waterloo, with a species of coat in lilac satin, with long tails, enormous breast-flaps in pink satin. The skirt is in lilac tulle, studded with small bouquets. A tall hat in gray felt, garnished with a big posy of roses and feathers, towers on the head. A long iron-gray veil, delicate pistache-green gloves, and lilac-satin slippers with pink bows, complete the costume. And Miss Mary takes a tall, gold-headed cane from the hand of an attendant, and poses before us a perfect Thermidorienne. We are enthusiastic; the ladies emit little shrill shrieks; but the maestro remains iced, and receives compliments with an indifference replete with a deep, eternal melancholy.

This is what I beheld under the guidance of Mesdames O Tempora and O Mores. I dare not express my personal opinion after that experience. I respect monsieur. His tender melancholy impresses me. But is he an eminently moral and useful institution?—*London Society.*

#### THE PRINCE'S PICTURE.

(Translated from *Le Siècle*, for the JOURNAL.)

The scene is at Chiselhurst, in a richly-decorated and sumptuously-furnished saloon. The ex-empress, in a coquettish, half-mourning costume, sits at a table and looks over a number of fashion-plates which lie before her. A lady-of-honor enters, and announces the arrival of Monsieur M. A.—, a painter of note, and especially remarkable for the brilliancy of his skill as a colorist. The empress gives orders that he shall be shown in, and that, at the same time, the young prince, his tutor, General —, and the Princess of —, shall be advised of the painter's arrival. The painter enters and bows respectfully. The empress reaches him her hand with a friendly smile. The artist takes the proffered hand and shakes it heartily. The empress, surprised at such familiarity, withdraws her hand with a somewhat haughty mien, and then says, smiling again:

"We seek a painter, sir, who will undertake to make good again the unendurable wrong done our cause by the unfortunate portrait, the horror that was exhibited in the Palais d'Industrie."

The painter finds himself a chair, and sits down.

Another expression of astonishment and *hauteur* on the part of the empress; but she immediately smiles again, and says, in her blandest tone:

"Pardon me. I was on the point of asking you to be seated."

Painter. I thought madame had forgotten it. I have heard that your majesty was not

satisfied with the picture exhibited at the Champs Elysées.

Empress. *Mon Dieu!* I confess that I was not dissatisfied with it at first; on the contrary, I thought it excellent. And this was very natural, for it seemed to me to be excellent as a likeness. But, since I have learned what imperfect and lamentable impressions it gives with regard to my son's health, strength, and beauty—yes, even, as I am assured, with regard to his intelligence—I confess I am very dissatisfied with it.

Painter. Whether it is a good portrait of the prince or not, I am unable to judge, not having seen his highness for several years. As for the picture, considered as a work of art, it, in my judgment, has great merit.

Empress. As a painting, yes, although I am told that the colors seem very pale. But, so far as the expression is concerned, the effect it produces proves too clearly that it is not what it ought to have been. I have heard much of your talent, and we, consequently, come to you in the hope that you will fully avenge us in the next exposition. You will paint my son not only with the eyes of an artist, but also with those of a believer in the justice of our cause.

Painter. I shall see as your majesty would have me see.

Now the prince, the tutor, the princess, and General — entered.

After the usual salutations, they occupied themselves with the contemplated picture. The prince wished to be painted sitting on a chair asleep, like Napoleon I. on the evening before the battle of Austerlitz; but they intimated to him that, as it was not on the eve of a great battle, there would be nothing heroic in his being asleep.

The tutor suggested that his pupil should be painted before a black-board on which he drew thoughtfully geometrical figures like Galileo. The mother objected that it would not be wise to call attention to the studies of one who in a class of twenty-seven was "the tail-end of the heap."

The general suggested that the Woolwich student should be painted standing beside a cannon, as if he would say, like his great-uncle, "The ball that is to kill me has not yet been made."

The painter thought these words would sound very fine in the face of a storm of shot and shell, but somewhat out of place in a harmless artillery manoeuvre. The princess was of opinion that his imperial highness would appear to great advantage if represented as dancing a polka with her. To this proposition the empress objected—that is, it was less desirable that her son should appear to be graceful than strong and energetic. "It would, perchance, be best," continued the empress, "to paint him on horseback, as he, with a cool, determined mien, is about to clear a wide ditch."

With this suggestion all were pleased. The painter thought the idea excellent; but should he not simply copy David's picture, which represents General Bonaparte crossing the Alps mounted on a fiery steed? The young prince could be painted in the place of the general, or, in other words, the great-nephew would be seen as the successor of the great-uncle. The allegory would be clear. The empress was pleased with the proposition, so were the prince, the general, the tutor, and the princess. The empress further suggested that the prince should be painted in tight-fitting pantaloons, with one arm extended; that his shoulders should be heavy and strong, his cheeks full and red, his nose straight, his lips like Apollo's, his eyes large and expressive, and his forehead high, shaded with a wealth of hair. Then, when the republicans see the picture, they will no longer laugh and talk of a "weak scion of a degenerate race."

Prince. Very true, mamma, but it won't look like me.

*Empress.* Oh, the gentleman will know how to put in the resemblance.

*Painter.* That will not be so easy. Your majesty will have large, fiery eyes; those of his imperial highness are mild, and by no means large. The shoulders must be strong, the muscles *d la Michael Angelo*; the shoulders of his highness are narrow, and his limbs elegantly but delicately formed.

*Empress.* Pardon me, sir. It is not a reproduction of the unfortunate picture of this year that we desire. We want a portrait to which our partisans can point and say: "What an intelligent, energetic, and handsome leader this young man promises to be! What a robust, what a stately Caesar!"

*The General, the Tutor, and the Princess (with enthusiasm).* Yes, yes, your majesty is quite right.

*Painter.* But his highness must be recognized in the picture.

*Prince.* Certainly; I must be recognized.

*Empress.* For the resemblance, we rely on the genius of the artist. For that matter, there might be an allegorical figure in the picture—Clio, for example, the patroness of history, cutting the name Napoleon IV. on a ledge of rocks.

*Painter.* Ah, if we put the name under the portrait, everybody will know whom the artist intended to represent. To justify the presence of Clio, some deed worthy a place in history would be necessary.

*Empress.* Well, then, my son shall be on a spirited horse in the act of passing the Rubicon.

*Painter.* Very good. The horse shall be in the act of leaping a river, and in order that all shall know what stream is meant, I will put a guide-board on its bank.

*Empress.* No, no, the Rubicon must be divined; it is *La Manche*.\*

*Prince.* Which sleeve, mamma?

*Empress.* I mean the channel between England and France, my son.

*Prince.* Ah, that is another matter.

*Painter.* That we can manage very easily. In the distance on the right shore, whence the horse comes, I will paint the city of London, with St. Paul's Church; on the other, whither the horse goes, the city of Paris, with the restored Tuilleries.

*Empress.* And Notre-Dame. Bravo! There could also be an eagle flying high above the prince carrying a laurel crown.

*Painter.* Yes, certainly.

All applaud, highly delighted, except the prince, who is silent and thoughtful. Finally he says:

"But, mamma, suppose they should see me?"

*Empress.* My son, imperial prestige will make them see in you all the artist puts in the picture.

The design of the picture is at last fully decided upon—in the *Siede*—the artist is at work, and the chronicler, who thus far has been the faithful historian of the undertaking, thinks he can assure the Bonapartists that they will be fully satisfied with the effect produced by the new portrait at the next exposition.

#### LEARNED MISERY IN GERMANY.

(From the German, for the JOURNAL.)

We may form some idea of the poverty that is so common among the learned, old and young, in Germany, from the following narrative which we find in a Leipzic paper:

Some ten months ago, a rich patron of the sciences and the arts, of Berlin, offered prizes of two hundred thalers (about one hundred

and forty dollars) each for the best essays on the history of the middle ages, astronomy, geology, poetry, and metaphysics; and five hundred thalers each for the best romance and the best poem. A committee formed of members of several university faculties was to award the prizes. A short time ago the awards were made in the "Gewandhaus" (a large and beautiful hall in Leipzic, famous on account of the concerts given in it). The competition for the prizes was great, and many of the essayists had done good work. The names of the writers were inclosed in sealed envelopes, on the outsides of which fictitious names were inscribed.

The prize for the essay on metaphysics was awarded to a young man named Max Markmann, who had chosen for his theme Kant's "*Antinomie der reinen Vernunft*," and had sent in his essay under the name of "Hans Wildenstein."

When Dr. Schmidt, after opening the cover, called out the name Markmann, a pale, poorly clad, exceedingly wretched-looking young man stepped forward, and was saluted with a hearty round of applause. His hair was thin and already sprinkled with gray, and his whole appearance excited the sympathy of the audience. After receiving his prize, he quietly returned to his seat.

The astronomical essay considered the movements and changes of the *Sternennebel* (nebulae), with especial regard to the *grosse Nebel* (great nebula) in Orion. Here, too, the author was found to be Max Markmann. This announcement was received with a storm of applause, while he came forward and received his prize, looking more melancholy and exhausted than before.

The next essay was devoted to a review of certain historical works. Again Markmann was the recipient of the prize, and the spectacle was repeated in awarding the other prizes. The excitement among the students present knew no bounds, and a little more and they would have borne him off in triumph.

The prize-poem was also from his pen. In the natural delicacy of the language it reminded one of Roquette, while the thoughts would have done honor to a Shakespeare or a Goethe. The prize-romance, "The Village School-master," Berthold Auerbach, who was one of the committee, pronounced one of the most gracefully-written stories he had ever read. The author was no other than Max Markmann. This was the last prize awarded; but hardly had the fortunate competitor arisen to go and receive it when he fell fainting to the floor. A death-like stillness reigned in the hall, while they carried the poor young man into an adjoining room, where the physicians succeeded in restoring him to consciousness, but that was all, for four hours afterward he was a corpse. His death was the result of long years of deprivation; he literally starved to death.

He who succumbed in the hour of his triumph, had lived for several years in a miserable chamber in an out-of-the-way street, and had eked out a miserable existence by giving lessons in the modern languages, and nearly all the other liberal branches of learning. His room contained unfinished models of remarkable mechanical apparatuses, broken chair, and piles of manuscript, among which there were letters from some of the most distinguished men in Europe. He had for months been kept alive almost solely by the fire of his genius, and in spite of every deprivation he had labored on untiringly to win the prizes, which together amounted to something more than two thousand thalers. Then when the day came, weak from hunger, he dragged himself to the "Gewandhaus," to receive them all, and—to die. Is there in the history of labor and genius, and their reward, another episode so sad?

#### JOHN SELDEN'S TABLE-TALK.

A TALL, handsome man, with oval face, gray eyes, small head, prominent nose, with lines of strong humor about the mouth, Selden was always reading, or writing, or talking, for he was very accessible, and always ready to illustrate any topic on which people conversed in those days of wit and experience. He had his Boswell (not, indeed, a personage so unique as the Scotchman who devoted his life to Johnson, and who was at once so supremely ridiculous and so signal success) in an amanuensis, one Richard Milward, whom he engaged during the last few years of his life, and who noted down some of his patron's comments on men, things, and social institutions. The collection was published some years after Milward's death, under the title of "Selden's Table-Talk," the title being taken from that voluminous folio in which Luther's conversations are said to be recorded. The book has its defects as well as its merits. The notes are often taken hurriedly, and even carelessly. Some of the *memorabilia* have no point, a few are almost unintelligible. But, on the other hand, all are genuine attempts to reproduce conversations which Selden never thought would be recorded. Most indirect autobiographies are suggestive of posture. Johnson knew what Boswell was about. Pope wrote every letter under the conviction that it would be published. The people whom Senior met knew all about his journal, and occasionally, it seems, talked to order. But Selden's conversation was impromptu.

By far the largest part of the *ana* of "Selden's Table-Talk" bear on ecclesiastical questions, naturally, for they were the topics of the age. But his sayings are strangely unlike what we might expect from such a time. "Many men look after religion as a butcher does after his knife when he has it all the while in his mouth." "When priests come into a family, they do as a man who wishes to set fire to a house. He does not put it to a brick wall, but thrusts it into the thatch. So they leave men alone, and work on the women." "Enjoy life, and be not melancholy and wish thyself in heaven. If a king should give you the keeping of a castle and grounds, and bid you use them, promising in twenty years' time to make you a privy councilor, do not neglect the castle, refuse the fruits, and sit down, whine, and wish yourself a privy councilor." "A great place strangely qualifies. There was one Jack Read, groom of the chamber to the Earl of Kent. On the death of Attorney-General Noy he said, 'Any man can execute his place.' 'How? could you?' said the earl. 'Let the king make me attorney,' answered Jack, 'and I would fain see the man who durst tell me there's any thing I understand not.'" "The pope is infallible, when he hath the power to be obeyed, like any other prince. To stretch his infallibility further is to do you know not what." "There never was a merry world since the fairies left off dancing and the parson left off conjuring." "To have no ministers but presbyters is the same as having no officers but constables." "Ceremony (good breeding) is like a penny-glass to a rich spirit, without it the spirit were lost." The following will hardly satisfy modern notions of gallantry: "A husband," said Selden, "should be made to pay for his wife's trinkets. If a man will keep a monkey, he should pay for the glasses it breaks."

The above are illustrations of "Selden's Table-Talk." Some of his wittiest parallels will not bear quotation, for very plain speaking was the fashion of the seventeenth century, in the pulpit, in the senate, in common life. The age was not nice in its analogies, and Selden was no nicer than his times.—*Temple Bar.*

\* This word may mean the sleeve or the British Channel.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

**T**IS a wise sentence, and not a mere *mot*, which says that the future of a nation can be deduced from the character of its young men. And, now that comment on the mere occasion that brought them together is virtually ended, it is worth while to remember how excellent an opportunity we, the very nation for whose future most is hoped and feared, have had during the last month for the study of the class that will make or mar it. We do not say for the study of the *whole* class; there were many strong hands and busy brains full of coming work, that were kept to hard tasks while their fellows held high holiday at Saratoga during the crowded race-week; but of the really representative part of it, comprehending all the elements that go to make up the whole. There were gathered by Saratoga Lake, through those three or four summer days, at least all the types, if only a comparatively small number of the individual representatives, of the coming American.

How did they compare, these young citizens of a rapidly aging state, with the corresponding class of other nationalities? And how nearly did they approach a higher standard than this first comparison will give us?

First of all, and, though not greatest, still not least, we believe their *physique* surprised nearly all observers. We have been so long accustomed to be railed at as an unhealthy nation, a nation of dyspeptics, a nation of pastry-fed country-people and over-hurried city-people, that we have not realized that all this while we have been learning how to live, and that the generations have profited by each other's errors. It has not the least element of exaggeration in it, nor any of the old "greatest-country-in-the-world" fashion of talk, when we say that we believe no other nation could muster an assembly of young men richer in all the elements of real physical vigor than that collected for our own midsummer holiday. The English can always exhibit a multitude of men as healthy and perhaps of heavier build; but for us mobility, the quickness of perception and action, that show the perfect alertness of every nerve and muscle, are as important factors in true physical vigor as weight and solid strength. The Germans and the Swedes are the only Continental nations that could have entered into competition with the fresh-faced, well-built men at Saratoga; but there were fire, and spring, and overflowing vitality here, that our European neighbors would have missed in the company that surrounds a *Schläger* duel, or looks on at a wrestling-match.

Better than *physique*, however, and better prospect for the future than all else could be, were certain features in the *morale* of the crowding thousands of young hero-worshippers that came to see an act of physical prowess, and never dreamed that they were themselves

the better spectacle of the two. It is true that the occasion was perhaps not entirely a just exhibition of the collected men; it lacked the dignity of a more serious motive, and there was a great deal of pure noise and physical excitement about it; but character shows itself through little things; and, whatever the cause of enthusiasm, the same traits are visible through it all.

There was a great deal that was noisy, and much that was puerile; some drinking, and much betting, small and large, no doubt. But whoever studied the matter saw one great difference between the recklessly exchanged and defiant wagers of the college-boys and the betting that is rife around race-tracks and prize-rings. The bets were things aside; and the race itself—the trial of strength and force—was the great end and aim of it all; the reverse was not true, as it is so often. Had the wagers not seemed the best means of expressing defiance or confidence, they would undoubtedly have been put aside for whatever gave more opportunity to express belief in the heroes of the college.

Of two or three elements, which we should probably not refer to at all had our experience been confined to American gatherings alone, it is enough to note the entire absence. No such spectators as form part of a Parisian audience wore these students' colors; and, when the student element began to prevail at Saratoga, this class of the frequenters of the great summer resort did not increase; it seemed to be crowded away by the cheery ranks of a better and healthier multitude than it was used to meet. And whoever says that the mention of this fact as a creditable one is gratuitous and unnecessary, should stand awhile by the hotel-promenades and race-courses of the Old World, where the young citizens who are to make European futures are gaining their amusements, and see whether we have reason to fear or to be glad.

There was little or none of the boorish rowdyism in the surroundings of this meeting that disgraces the English Derby-day, and that it is the English fashion still to call "jovial."

There was no window-breaking, drunken fighting, conspicuous blackguardism, as in our own old days at Lake Quinsigamond, or in older days at Winnepeaukee.

These are negative praises; but the positive ones are better.

Throughout the time spent at Saratoga (with one exception so notable that we shall speak of it hereafter), the great multitude of college-men, brought together by a confessed purpose of rivalry, treated each other with a courtesy which attracted universal attention, and which was more than a mere formality. They manifested a thoughtfulness, a kindness, and what we hope they will not think we miscall a delicacy, toward each other, that was not only thoroughly gratifying, but was

far more hearty than we had a right to expect under the circumstances of keen competition and excitement under which they met.

We spoke of one exception to the universal courtesy; and we are prepared to find many wondering at our calling it only an exception, after the public attention has been so persistently directed toward it as to make it appear one of the most prominent parts of the whole. It was a prominent part of the race itself, but let it be remembered that we are speaking less of the race than those that gathered to see it. We mean, of course, the puerile and lamentable quarrel between Yale and Harvard; and yet we are about to be guilty of the apparent paradox of saying that we believe this will be nowhere more regretted than among the better men of Harvard and Yale themselves; and we believe these better men to constitute a majority. It was the one thing needful to put to shame the feeling that produced it, and to throw into a still stronger and more favorable light the courtesy and good-fellowship that surrounded this solitary instance.

Best of all, at this gathering of the young Americans, there was boundless enthusiasm of a very healthy type. This was not a concourse of fagged followers of fashion, *blass* men of a day, in search of some new stimulus and sensation; it was a thoroughly-believing, optimistic, fresh, and enjoying crowd of shouting and healthy youngsters. Each one was confident of himself, his college, his country, and the world in general; that with his help, in one way or another, with some energy and a good deal of pluck, it could all be made to go right. And so it can.

And when we lose such a class of young men, to have instead of them the loungers of the boulevards, or a set of mere *dilettanti*, or a population of worn and discouraged philosophers, we may look back and pardon all their boyishness in the wish that we had any of their help.

That the English are a litigious people is curiously illustrated by the amazing crop of actions for breach of promise of marriage with which the courts at Westminster are annually burdened. The "shop-keeping" nation is prone to regard all matters, even those of sentiment, in their commercial aspect; and the rights of woman are in no case more strenuously asserted than in seeking compensation for the wounds of heart and the ruin of "prospects"-inflicted by the faithless swains of Britain.

English court-scenes are notably dramatic and characteristic; the individuality of the race there finds a congenial stage for displaying itself. Curiosity, despite the sneers of bachelor cynics, has no sex; and the laying bare, to all the world, of a love-quarrel which has degenerated into a financial claim, with its multitude of *billet-doux* in their various stages of timidity, "gush," reproaches, and

finally threats, suffices to divert all but the sternest minds from parliamentary debates and the vicissitudes of stocks. The appearance of the blighted maiden and the ruthless destroyer of her peace upon the stand adds to the dramatic intensity of the judicial episode, especially if the eloquence of tears sends home the harrowing tale to susceptible jurors' hearts.

A case has recently been heard in the Court of Common Pleas, however, which shows that the sentiment of justice in a matter of breach of promise has a sex if curiosity has not. In ninety-nine instances out of a hundred the plaintiff in such suits is a woman. It is the feminine heart that seeks the golden balm. It is man's treachery that is sought to be avenged. It is a tale of fond trust betrayed, of clinging affection slighted, that is told in plaintive accents to the world.

Sometimes, however, though very rarely, the jilted swain falls back upon his commercial instinct, and un gallantly claims a cash indemnity for hopes blasted and a long wooing wasted. So it was in the case of which we speak. The plaintiff was what the English call a "commercial traveler," and we a "drummer." In his peregrinations he became acquainted with a young lady who afterward, in one of her letters to him, called herself "a giddy young thing," a description which, considering the sequel, seems to have been judicially impartial. She was the daughter of a wealthy country gentleman, who had a "Hall" for a residence, and was deep in some Irish coal and iron mines. This gentleman was an odd character, who described his daughter as "only half a child," she being a twin; and who, while showing her commercial swain, not too rudely, to the door, took no very strenuous measures to put a stop to their correspondence.

The commercial traveler was poor, but devoted; the lady was wealthy, but sighed only for devotion. But a time came when she cooled toward her chosen partner. At last she begged him to relieve her of the annoyance of his letters. Rendered desperate, the commercial traveler abandoned business, and resorted to the doctor, who prescribed delicate food, and "the best port thrice a day." As he languidly pursued this not very nauseating regimen, the invalid for love began to have visions of a financial character. Still writing to the faithless maiden, he dropped dark hints of long doctor's bills, and even made estimates of the pecuniary damage done by her treacherous conduct.

She did not relent, and the suit was begun. It was clearly proved that she had plighted her troth, and that the father, if he had not given his consent, had at least condoned the courtship by winking at it. Yet the judge charged strongly against the plaintiff, as at once un gallant and mercenary; and, instead of awarding him a goodly number of guineas,

the jury promptly dismissed him with one farthing damages!

Thus it is decided that sex is every thing in a broken promise of marriage. Woman's rights are clearly recognized as the superior in the domain of sentiment. A law that is absolutely impartial, clearly, is not always just; the art of judicial discrimination, indeed, is mainly employed in making the law partial to a particular exigency. There is good reason for the distinction made in the case which we have cited; a man has resources with which to recover from a disappointment in love which are denied to the gentler sex. Society, unjustly enough, thinks harshly of a jilted woman; her chances of a settlement in life are diminished greatly by such an event; while the man who "gets the mitten" may find solace in the cares of business, and most often another heart to beat in unison with his own. In a word, the law of breach of promise is one designed especially to protect the weaker and more susceptible sex from the caprice of man; and the example of the case narrated is likely to deter mercenary lords of creation from often attempting to speculate upon their afflictions of the heart.

— Slowly but steadily Russia is pursuing her career of aggrandizement and conquest in Central Asia; and it is there, as many European statesmen have foreboded, that the seeds of what must sooner or later be an obstinate European conflict are being sown. The want of good maps of the little-known region which lies between the Caspian Sea on the west, Cabool on the south, and the seat of the nomadic Kirghiz tribes and the valley of Kashgar on the east, has rendered it difficult to follow the operations and progress of the czar's forces; and this has recently been to a large degree remedied by the publication of a small map in the current *London Quarterly*, which is vouched for as accurately indicating the principal features of that vast and mysterious tract of desert, steppe, and rude and lofty mountain.

It is not sufficiently recognized that Russia's purpose, for the present at least, is less to acquire territorial and military advantages as an end than to make these the means of satisfying her commercial ambition. That Russia looks, though it may be at a considerable distance ahead, to the final conquest of Turkey and India, to making Calcutta a Cossack capital, and Constantinople the Rome of the Greek Church, there can be no question. Her traditions for nearly two centuries teem with the utterances of this aspiration. Peter the Great left the purpose of its accomplishment as a legacy to his successors. Nicholas at one moment imagined that Constantinople at least was within his grasp.

The idea of Oriental conquest and grandeur is not confined to the Winter Palace, nor

to the stately nobles' quarter at St. Petersburg; it is a profound sentiment deep-rooted in the souls of the Russian millions; it forms the burden of some of the songs of the common people; Alexander II. has gone far toward losing the popularity he acquired among the masses in abolishing serfdom by pausing in the active military designs of his stern and unbending father.

But, in her operations in Central Asia, Russia is just now contending for the inestimable prize of the monopoly of Oriental commerce. To supply herself and Europe with the rich products of China and Japan, to be the sole medium of barter between the two continents, she has quietly and steadfastly advanced her frontiers east of the Caspian, until now her troops occupy positions at the very base of the mountains, just beyond which lies Chinese Tartary. Last year she took Khiva; it is no longer doubtful that the invasion of that desert-bound khanate was undertaken with a deliberate design as the part of a broad general plan. The excuse for it was but a pretext. She promised England to retire when Khiva had felt her power and satisfied her vengeance; but a Russian garrison is still there, and will remain there.

Farther still to the eastward she holds Bokhara, and Samarcand, the capital of Timour, where that most magnificent of Oriental brigands lies entombed; she keeps the restless Khan of Khokand in awe; and the usurping Emir of Kashgar has been, until recently, her virtual vassal. Now, Yakoob has become rebellious; and Russia is preparing to cross the mountains—the last mighty barrier which separates her from the high-roads to China—professedly to punish the indignities of the Kashgar chief.

But, in the light of her retention of Khiva despite her promises, the suspicion arises that her quarrel with Yakoob, like that with the Khan of Khiva, is a trumped-up one; that she is now ready to carry out her aggressive designs in that famous valley whence the Aryan tribes poured out to populate India, Arabia, and Europe; and that her course is dictated by long-studied and firmly-decided projects. It is well to watch the development of Russian "manifest destiny" in the East; for the next great issue abroad seems likely to be, not as Talleyrand said, whether Europe shall be "republican or Cossack," but whether the master of Oriental trade shall be Cossack or English.

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The *New-York World*, having summed up its ideas upon the friendship which exists in America toward England, came to the conclusion that it was not unlike the feeling one might have for a cousin who had tried to oust one out of a handsome property and had failed. "You would be sorry," says the *World*, "to hear that he had been crushed in a railway accident, or shot

in a duel, or sent to the penitentiary. You are not sorry to hear that he has been cut out in a love-affair, or that he fell down in a waltz with his partner, or that he was caught on the wrong side of Wall Street in a little "flier on stocks." This strikes us as being a very apt illustration of that rather faint but yet not altogether extinct dislike which the average American of native birth has inherited from ancestors who possessed it in a very marked and cordial degree. This dislike pervades nearly all classes of the essentially American part of our community; and, although it has been somewhat the fashion of late years for Englishmen, while in America, and Americans, while in England, to speak of it as a sentiment almost wholly extinct, its existence is continually being made manifest, and all language which endeavors to hide the fact is the language of compliment rather than of truth. Commenting upon the *World's* article, the *Leisure Hour* bids the unwelcome ghost down as follows: "This no doubt expresses the average feeling toward England among the ordinary trading class, and the lower order of writers for the newspapers in America. But the feeling of the better classes is shown in such men as Longfellow, and Whittier, and Holmes, among the men of letters and in the Christian gentlemen, whether merchants or professional men, statesmen or clergymen, who gave hearty welcome to the deputies from England at the Evangelical Alliance Conference last year in New York." This is a very fair example of the manner of regarding this subject which is indulged in by the optimists upon this point.

It amounts to this: that the cultured classes of the two countries either do not feel the "malevolent indifference" which the *World* describes, or, what is more probable, that they are altogether too polite to express it in each other's presence.

Politically, and as regards the permanent peace of the country, in which light only the question is one of importance, it matters little what "Longfellow, Whittier, and Holmes," or Tennyson and Matthew Arnold, think or say about the matter. It is not the poets of Germany and France that have been contending so many hundred years for the Rhine, nor can we lay at the doors of the poet-laureates of England the continual rebellions of the Irish.

So long as dislike is the average feeling toward England among those whom it pleases the *Leisure Hour* to call "the ordinary trading class" in America as well as the ordinary farming class, it is rather useless to attempt to make out a state of fraternal amity as existing between John Bull and Brother Jonathan, with such slight material as the opinions of poets or the mutual handshakings which occur at the meetings of the Evangelical Alliance.

If, as is reported, the post-office authorities are about to change the postal card now in use for one of more pleasing appearance and better material, they should take this opportunity to introduce what has been for some time past in use in Europe—the double, or prepaid card. To introduce

this convenience, no more will be necessary than to print two of the ordinary cards together, having them partly detached, in the manner of postage-stamps. "This addition in the postal-card system," says the *Journal of the Franklin Institute*, "has been adopted in Germany, Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland, and has proved a very valuable one."

## Literary.

In speaking of "English School Classics," the *Saturday Review* discusses an abuse that has so wide and disastrous an influence on literary culture, that we are tempted to present its words here as the text for a few comments. We take out of the middle of the article a passage which, though written for a special case, needs no special context to explain it, and suggests at once the whole view which we desire to present of the subject. The review is speaking of a series of English classics, prepared for the use of school-boys, and says: "We do not at all like the way in which, in the notes, the various annotators mix up questions and information. A lad of any real poetic or literary taste would almost resent as an impertinence the advantage that is taken of some beautiful line to pop off on him a question. In 'Hohenlinden,' for instance, on the lines

Commanding fires of death to light  
The darkness of her scenery,

this note is found: 'Fires of death... How more picturesque than guns!' In the 'Burial of Sir John Moore,' on the line

'O'er the grave where our hero we buried,'

we find, when we turn to the notes, 'Where. What is it here put for?' A boy would naturally think, as we ourselves at first sight thought, that Mr. Mullins, the annotator, meant to ask why is the corpse, which had been mentioned two lines before, put in a grave on the rampart? He really, no doubt, wishes the boy to notice that 'where' stands for 'in which.' Mr. Storr, in his note on a line in the 'Sofa,' where, or in which (to remember Mr. Mullins's hint), the seat is described as 'with plenteous wadding stuffed,' writes: 'Wadding. German, *Watte*; French, *ouate* (cf. French, *ouest*; English, *wed*). What language is the termination -ing?' The information is good in itself, and the seat of the sofa may be as well stuffed with learning as with wadding. But why did Mr. Storr fire off that ungrammatical question at the end? We shall, we suppose, if we turn to the edition of 'Hamlet,' which some of these masters have lately brought out, find, on *Hamlet's* great soliloquy, some such note as this:

'To be, or not to be; that is the question.'

'Conjugate the verb *to be* in the subjunctive mood, and show how the absence of the present participle is supplied in Latin. What language is the termination -tion? As the first half of the line contains, on no less authority than that of the hero himself, a question, consider why it does not close with a mark of interrogation.'

*Rien au teigit;* and we wonder that this protest has never been so clearly made before.

This abuse of the privilege of teaching is far more wide-spread than any may imagine, but those who have to do with school collections of the sort above referred to. And that it is an abuse which strikes at the very life of any true and thoughtful culture must be evi-

dent. Is literature given us that we may deduce from it as its highest benefit a grammatical rule or two, the knowledge of some fact of linguistics, or a figure of rhetoric? Those who believe that the culture of the present is more liberal than that of the past must abolish this feature of it before they will have full ground for their faith.

It is surely of much import that a school-boy should gain from the study of the best English poetry and prose some higher feeling and nobler conception than is pointed out by suggestions and teachings like those which the *Saturday Review* quotes, and those of similar purport with which our own school editions of great authors are filled.

We complain that the imaginative faculty is dying out, and no wonder. We are surprised that composition in these days is lifeless, and without originality and genuineness. What is there remarkable in it all, when our children are taken in their earliest and most pliant time, and their faculties are deliberately trained in this fashion?

There is certainly virtue in simply encouraging reading for the sake of its higher and better side, and allowing the school-boy to ask his own questions, which, ten to one, will be more intelligent than those to which a whole congress of pedants thus furnish answers ready made.

For many years *Notes and Queries* has filled a singular and unique place in periodical literature, and has probably been the source through which more direct, personally sought, and useful literary information has been derived than any other publication of any thing like its volume and aim.

In 1872 Mr. W. J. Thoms, the editor who for years had conducted it with the most satisfying skill and energy, resigned his position, and at the same time wrote an admirable address at parting from the many contributors and subscribers to the journal, in connection with which he did not expect to appear again.

Now, however, a general index to the Fourth Series of *Notes and Queries* has been published, and he has been invited to write for it a short preface. This he has done in excellent and characteristic fashion. His words give so just a sketch of what he has accomplished that we quote the following passages:

"Dr. Doran has intimated to me his personal wish that, as I am responsible for a large portion of the Fourth Series, I should prefix a few words to the general index to it; and has accompanied that wish with his assurance that my doing so would be agreeable to many of my old friends. And so

'Here is Monsieur Tonson come again.'

And, being here, I wish I could behave like a popular actor, who, at the close of a well-played part, is called before the curtain to receive the applause of his audience; and, having thus presented myself, I would fain further imitate my prototype, make my three bows, and retire.

"But courtesy forbids that course. So I trust I may be excused if, instead of urging, as I have done already on three previous occasions, namely, in 1856, 1862, and 1868, the utility of such an index as that which I now have to introduce to the readers of *Notes and Queries*, I point with some justifiable pride to the contents of the twelve volumes which it epitomizes as the crowning result of the four-and-twenty years which *Notes and Queries* has been in existence—to the unanswerable proof which the continuance of this journal furnishes that the literary jealousy of each other, so persistently charged against literary men, is without real foundation; and that the noble eulogy, in

which Chaucer summed up his character, on the Clerk of Oxford,

'And gladly wold he learme and gladly teche,'

is as justly applicable to all real lovers of literature at the present day as it was when the great Father of English Poetry sketched, with his matchless pencil, the motley group which started from the Tabard on their never-to-be-forgotten pilgrimage."

Mr. Thoms will be sadly missed by bibliographers and lovers of quaint bits of knowledge all the world over.

The Rev. Edward Everett Hale's little story, "In His Name," is to us a decided improvement upon its author's recent work. Not only is the story itself an excellently conceived one, with every accessory of time and scene most carefully studied, but Mr. Hale has abandoned here those deformities of mannerism which he had of late added, in such exaggerated fashion, to his own fresh and original style. The scene of "In His Name" is Lyons and its neighborhood; the time, the period of Pierre Waldo's life, when the sect that took its name from him was springing up in France.

It is a very simple sketch, yet one so thoroughly studied that it conveys to us the very spirit of those days, the life of the people and its surroundings. The plot—if plot it may be called—is made up chiefly of the difficulties encountered and overcome by those who are endeavoring to save the life of a child who has been accidentally poisoned. A messenger, sent out in hottest haste to ride for leagues across the country to seek the only physician who, it is thought, can save her, meets at every step with obstacles, that would be insuperable if every bar had not been removed and every path opened by the use of the mysterious summons that had spread abroad, and become, as it were, the countersign of the new sect among the people—"For the love of Christ!"—to which the answer was always, "In His Name."

Out of materials so slight, Mr. Hale has made not only a story that attracts for itself, but a really admirable historical study, and a book which, like the best of its class, does more toward actual knowledge than many more pretentious volumes.

It is a long time since we have had any really complete and ambitious work from Mr. Frederick B. Perkins; and those who remember best his older stories and sketches, will be most glad to see what may be called a full-fledged novel make its appearance, bearing his name.

"Sorope" is by no means a great book, but it is full of life, bright and sharp; here and there it is exaggerated beyond the limits allowable even to this type of fiction; but, on the whole, its good points are good enough and numerous enough to outbalance the bad, and give it the highest character to which it seems to aspire—that of an entertaining novel.

Baron Grant's presentation of Leicester Square to the city of London has not only been the cause of much favorable and adverse comment as to the motives of the donor, but it seems to have given rise to some very peculiar artistic and literary productions. Among the latter is one to which the *Athenaeum* devotes quite as much space as it is worth, amazing us at the possibility that even Mr. Byron, with the gait of much burlesque upon his hands, could have produced such woful balderdash. The *Athenaeum* says: "We were prepared for any amount of prose on the occasion of the transference of Leicester Square from private hands to the public, but we must confess we hardly expected

the event to be celebrated in poetry as Mr. H. J. Byron has celebrated it. This popular actor, impelled by admiration of the munificence of the gift, indites a song in honor of the donor. No meaner theme, we are assured, is capable of stimulating his muse to action. Such a person as Julius Caesar or General Picton, or even General Robert Lee, is beneath him. Other men may sing their praises; he has a higher subject:

It is no warrior's praise I sing,  
No valiant son of war;  
Chaplets and wreaths let others fling  
Before the conqueror's car;  
To heroes of the battle-field,  
For all the deeds they've done!  
Others may adulation yield—  
My theme's a nobler one."

The 'nobler one' is thus described:

"Tis one which wakes a nation's thanks,  
Evokes a people's praise;  
"Tis one on which all creeds and ranks  
With gratitude may gaze:  
Unselfish generosity,  
A gift to high and low,  
That all can feel, and breathe and see,  
No empty, idle show."

Not only is the gift a thing that can be breathed, it is a thing to thrill; and, as the excited sensibility of the poet begins to manifest itself, we learn that the thing to thrill and be breathed is also 'a lung of London':

"As on proud statue—modest plant—  
Admiring gazes rest,  
"All honor to the name of Grant"  
Must thrill through every breast;  
To him who (with no after-thought  
Of patronage or pay)  
This last new "lung of London" bought  
And gave to us this day."

The laureate of Leicester Square has nearly as much taste as its "architect."

In a letter on "International Copyright" in the *Athenaeum*, Mr. M. F. Mahony makes the following suggestion for a new law, which shall do away with some, at least, of the evils of the present system: "Let it become law that, if an English publisher advertises or announces a book by an author, a British subject, say for a month before the day of publication (giving title and other particulars so as to establish a proper identification of the book), that meanwhile, if, during the intervening month, the author chooses to publish his book in America, so as to obtain by a prior publication the copyright there, the English copyright shall, nevertheless, remain intact, having been already legally secured by the antecedent announcement of the English publisher. Suppose, for illustration, that Messrs. Chapman & Hall should, on the 1st of next August, announce that a novel, entitled —, by Mr. Anthony Trollope, will be published by them in London on the 1st of September, yet if, on some day, between the 1st of August and the 1st of September, the book in question should appear in New York through an American publisher (thereby securing the copyright in America to the author), nevertheless, no English firm except Messrs. Chapman & Hall shall be entitled to reproduce it in England, their right having been already obtained by the act of previous announcement—an act which, of itself, necessarily presupposes a perfected contract between themselves and the author."

## fine Arts.

### Notes from American Studios in Italy.

GEORGE INNESS, after a residence in Rome and its environs of about four years, has gone to live in Paris. At Perugia, one hundred and fifty miles from Rome, he has made some of the best pictures of his life; its spacious amphitheatre of hills affording good scope for Mr. Inness's remarkable power of depicting atmospheric effects, and the lights and shadows on mountains and valleys. With two or three of these paintings we are familiar in the last exhibition at the National Academy of Design in New York, but one better than either of them has attracted a good deal of attention at the present French Exposition at

Paris, and at Rome it has won for Mr. Inness a great deal of praise, especially among the artists there. To persons familiar with the views about Perugia and Assisi, this painting has an especial charm in recalling the sweet and deep blue of the skies, the dark shades on hills clad to their summits with vines, grain, and olive-trees; and there is one feature of the landscape in these high regions of the Apennines more distinctly marked than in any hill-country we know: beyond the purple shadows on near heights, and the gray, dark clouds above them, often one sees far away in the distance, and seemingly detached in air, a solitary hill-summit, bright and gleaming like a cloud. In the silvery sunshine each tower, and arched, and old wall on it, appears distinct, but as soft as the light lines which break the form of a bright, billowy cloud; and every old cypress is distinct, and each stone-pine and formal vineyard, but softened into the tints of the pearly lining of a sea-shell. The effect is almost magical, looking at such scenes beyond the dark earth and the often darker sky; but it is very frequent in Perugia, and in Mr. Inness's painting, at Paris, he has caught its spirit perfectly, and far away beyond hills and clouds one sees through the clear air these distant heights. Wandering about the streets of this little mountain-city, which claims from its Etruscan fathers an antiquity greater even than that of Rome, you see not unfrequently girls who bear in their faces the repose and sweetness that Perugino and Raphael have given to their Madonnas, and can readily conceive how easy it must have been to sympathetic souls such as theirs to produce their art, modeling it from the dear faces of friends and neighbors. Whether, as Mr. Taine says, faces are reflections of what they see, or, as Swedenborgians have imagined, the inner emotions mould Nature to their own likeness, certain it is that the serene Perugino-like eyes of its people reflect as pure skies in Perugia. Since the old masters painted these landscapes for their backgrounds—landscapes simple and serene, but lacking the vigor and the reality of our present ideas to give them satisfactory life—no painter of natural scenery we know can compare with Mr. Inness in his interpretation of this phase of it. In the exhibition at Paris this painting, placed as it is amid scenes of wild revelry, of sensational horrors, and of vulgar nudités, has a wonderful charm. As simple in treatment as it can be when each detail is given, its serene skies and immense breadth of treatment, totally free from the ostentation of the means employed, place it as the foremost landscape in modern art.

Mr. Inness has gone to Paris chiefly for the education of his son, whose talent in drawing gives great promise of his future success as an artist. Mr. Inness, we believe, intends to remain abroad indefinitely, a determination which his engagements make peremptory.

In an old palace in Florence Henry Peters Gray has his studio, opening into a garden filled with lemon-trees and oleanders. He has lived in Florence for the past two years, and during that time, while he has cultivated his health, which was somewhat feeble when he left America, but is now completely re-established, he has cultivated art still more. And in the lofty, marble-floored room, cool and fresh in the hottest days of summer, several of the best paintings of his life are finished, or nearly completed, on the easel. Before he left America he had long had in contemplation a picture from Drake's poem beginning—

"When Freedom from her mountain-height  
Unfurled her standard to the air," etc.,  
a design which the tranquil days of Florence  
have enabled him to accomplish.

He has chosen a very good model for his picture—a blonde figure of great beauty, which he has half veiled in the American banner; and on the accessories he has expended all his strength. Above the figure of Freedom, and the flowing folds of the drapery which surround her, the sharp, angular lines of a large eagle seem to pin the curved forms of the picture together, and, by their contrast, to give the painting force as an artistic composition. Mr. Gray has, as usual, put lovely, soft color into this painting; and the half shadow in which the head is placed under the flag is remarkably pure and clear. Pictures of this kind are of course subject to the imputation of sensationalism, but where they are really well treated, as in this case, precedents of all the old masters make it seem suitable that American history and traditions should have their own symbolical representations in art, as much as those of other and older countries; and in this point of view Mr. Gray's choice of a subject appears perfectly legitimate, even if it be not in perfect accord with the realistic spirit of the age. The painting, in size (it is more than six feet high) and in importance, is the most considerable composition we have ever seen on Mr. Gray's easel; and, as one of the best works of one of the best American artists, it appears to us entitled to a good position in some public or national building.

Besides this painting by Mr. Gray, he has also in his studio a lovely head nearly finished, for a gentleman on Long Island, which shows a great deal of his love for fine color and textures—a "Memory of Venice;" the rich, soft, and stiff fabrics which surround the head and form of a beautiful young girl, suggest much of the charm of a Paul Veronese. Mr. Gray's pictures, so far as we know them, have the great advantage of holding their color, a desirable, indeed, we might say a vital, point for the permanent fame of a painter. In looking at the pictures by the great masters, we see that their method in the employment of pigments and oils has often made or cost them their fame. We cannot believe that Caravaggio could have painted his shadows black when he finished his pictures, and it is certain that a great element—we might say the most peculiar element—of charm in the painters of Venice consists in their golden browns, their translucent grays, and colors dark, but no more black than the shadows in trees with their autumn foliage, or the deep bronze green of the water under the shade of the marble palaces in the side-canals of Venice. Of course the matter of color and "tone" appertains to the painter; and very few pictures ever have perfect keeping at any time; but with the examples we have of changing colors, both in our painters of the present and in the old masters, it seems that artists should take infinite pains to secure permanence of color for works which they devote their lives to produce. We believe that thus far Mr. Gray's pictures have stood well the test of time; and, as they are very good to start with, the owners of his paintings are at a considerable advantage in having the probability of continuing to possess pictures not likely to fade from their pristine brightness.

The London *Advertiser* has a letter from New York, which it heads "An American's View of American Art." It is not over-sanguine in tone, but it is evidently written by a cultured American observer, and makes several excellent points. Af-

ter much criticism of individual artists, the writer says: "What America most needs is art-criticism. There is but one journal in New York—the *Tribune*—that makes the slightest pretension to criticism. The consequence is, that artists do not find their proper level. What is best fails to be appreciated, because of the absence of culture. Indiscriminate praise makes one man as good as another in the eyes of the general public, the worst pictures find the readiest sale, and charlatans who spread the most paint over the largest canvas become famous. There are wealthy men who pride themselves upon their picture-galleries, a few of which are fine, but the majority do little credit to their owners, who depend upon picture-dealers or self-asserting artists for their collections. Even patrons possessed of a certain amount of taste do not take the pains they should to develop native talent. Content to be known as having purchased well-known French pictures from the artists' studios, they ignore what lies next them, merely because they do not know enough to discover it. Hence the necessity for criticism. Now, when an artist hears the truth in print, he howls with rage, declares he is the victim of personal malice, and straightway friends fight his battles in rival newspapers. The poor public reads both sides, wrings its hands in despair, and, not knowing what to believe, valiantly sides with the under dog, otherwise the artist. Such a state of things is destructive of art, and cannot last much longer. The progress of America in all directions, the erection of art-museums, must create sounder criticism; and, when this good time comes, America will not be found wanting."

Upon the topic of fabrication of antiques, the London *Examiner* says: "The success which has attended this branch of questionable industry has given such confidence to its prosecutors that, instead of hiding their operations in isolated and covert localities, they have carried the scene of their labors into the most important cities of the East, scarcely one of which is now without its manufactory of ancient relics. Dr. A. D. Mordmann, who tried in vain to save the Berlin Academy from falling into the snare set for them by the expert Greek manuscript-forger, K. Simonides, has lately written from Constantinople, warning the readers of the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung* of the nefarious traffic going on at the present time in the Turkish and Greek dominions in false coins, statues, ornaments, arms, and written documents of every kind. He informs us that one of the most successful manufacturers in Constantinople is devoted entirely to the fabrication of coins of the time of Constantine and his mother. The first step in the process is to oxidize bronze plates, made by an ordinary coppersmith, after which they are decorated with the serpent-twined column, the obelisk on the Hippodrome, the heads of the emperor and Empress Helens, and various other well-known characteristics of the period; and, when sufficiently corroded and chipped to meet the requirements of their supposed origin, they are offered for sale by confederate dealers in antiquities, who profess to have obtained them from workmen engaged in pulling down old houses near the Hagia Sophia."

### Music and the Drama.

THE wide celebrity attained by the Offenbach school of music, and the still more finished musical excellence, as well as dignity, to which it has been raised by Lecocq, the author of "La Fille de Madame Angot," give the latter a far higher claim to respect than that of being a mere caterer to public amusement, an honor which covers the claims of most of the contemporary French playwrights and composers. It is, indeed, almost unjust to classify M. Lecocq with the Offenbach school, as he displays a freshness, consistency, and dramatic unction, that refer themselves to a far higher category in art.

A brief sketch of M. Lecocq's career will not be uninteresting to the thousands who

have been delighted with the charming melodies in "Les Cent Vierges" and "La Fille de Madame Angot," and are looking forward to the production of his latest, "Girofle-Girofia."

M. Lecocq is now about forty years of age, and consequently in the very full-blown prime of his powers. From his infancy he was regarded as a musical prodigy, and, when in the Conservatoire, gained the first prize for fugue and counterpoint. His first public success was his bright setting of a little opera, for which Offenbach, then directing the Bouffes Parisiens, offered a prize. His striking melodic power, which has since been so constantly illustrated, carried off the palm from Bizet, who even then had a reputation as a scholarly and original musician. For some ten years the young composer gave more attention to teaching than to writing, but yet found time to give birth to four clever though slight operettas, which were performed with notable success.

In 1868 Lecocq wrote a two-act opera, "L'Amour et son Carquois," for the Théâtre de l'Athenée. He was fortunate in having it sung and acted by such artists as Léonce, Désiré, and Irma Marie, and the result was, that the young composer received the post of director of the opera. In consequence of the regulation of the Society of Dramatic Authors, which forbade any member in a managerial position from producing more than one original work per year, Lecocq gave up this lucrative office. The success of his new opera, "La Fleur de Thé," was an ample compensation, however; for, though the libretto was very bad, the music made a great *furore*, and was pronounced worthy of Adolphe Adam. Several lesser works, written in 1869, were less successful, and the war of 1870, which was so terrible for France, first set Lecocq on the great flood-tide of a world-success. "Les Cent Vierges," produced in Belgium in 1872, was received with what may be called extraordinary enthusiasm, and M. Humbert, the enterprising manager of Fantaisies Parisiennes, made a fortune, as did the composer both fame and wealth. The new composer was hailed as a genuine star of the first magnitude. Offenbach was at this time resting from his labors, and there was no other worthy rival. Lecocq's music showed the hand of the practical musician, and sparkled with a stream of the sweetest, freshest melody, as well as great dramatic power.

Within six months he produced the work with which his name will always be most brilliantly associated, "La Fille de Madame Angot." It was played for more than two hundred nights in Brussels, and over four hundred nights in Paris. In every part of the musical world it has been sung with the greatest delight on the part of enthusiastic audiences. Italy, Germany, England, and America, have received it with no less approval than France. The music delights at first hearing, and has the merit of growing on the admiration of the hearer the oftener it is heard. The musician finds no less subject for approval than the careless, pleasure-loving masses.

Lecocq's latest work, "Girofle-Girofia," has been received abroad with similar demonstrations of favor, but it remains to be heard in New York, a pleasure promised the public early in the coming season. An able English critic sums up the merits of M. Lecocq in the following appreciative and discriminating paragraph: "In most French composers the great defect is a peculiar restlessness of instrumentation. The accompaniments and incidental phrases are broken up and distributed to different instruments till the ear becomes fatigued

with the constant change, and feels a sense of weariness. M. Lecoq avoids this fault. His orchestration sounds full and rich, and he evidently studies general effect rather than the caprice of players, or the distinctive characteristics of the instruments. And then he is perfectly original in the treatment of a subject. His melodies are so fresh, and frequently so obvious, that it seems almost incredible that none has used them before, but no one can accuse him of any plagiarism. Take the refrain of *Amarante's song*—

Très jolie,  
Pea polle.  
Possédaient un gros magot,  
Très bégueule,  
Forte en gueule,  
Telle était Madame Angot!—

proceeding at first by intervals of simple tones and semitones, irresistibly catching, and yet perfectly original. Similarities certainly occur sometimes, as in the strange flavor of the 'Bénédiction des Poignards,' which runs through the 'Conspirators' Chorus,' but clever burlesque must not be confounded with mere imitation.

"We can hardly expect that M. Lecoq will ever repeat the success of 'La Fille de Madame Angot,' and we doubt very much if he would wish it himself. Indeed, in the future we expect his path will be that of the higher class of comic opera rather than that with which his name is now associated. His writing is of a higher stamp than comic opera in general, and we should not be surprised to see so delicious a melodist and so accomplished a musician take his place with Auber and Adolphe Adam rather than with Hervé or Offenbach. The bitter in the artist's cup is less often the neglect of the true critic than the indiscriminating applause of the vulgar. Better almost to be left unnoticed than to be admired on wrong grounds by those whose praise is not worth having. But M. Lecoq is fortunate in this respect. He cannot be displeased if the work which excites the laughter of the thoughtless *habitues* gains also the earnest attention and respectful admiration of the cultivated musician."

The numerous American admirers of the subject of this brief sketch will hardly fail to indorse this kindly judgment.

Of M. Sardou's last comedy, "L'Oncle Sam," the London *Academy* says: "This so-called comedy of American life and manners, which has been acted during this week at the Queen's Theatre, by the accomplished players of the Paris Vaudeville, is one of the poorest works that ever proceeded from the pen of a clever and generally laborious man. It is a farce in five acts, relieved, and, for the moment, made interesting, by one dramatic situation. They say that nothing is so easy to write as a book of travels about some land unknown to the civilized world. The unknown is always wonderful; and the man who penetrates, or tells you he has penetrated, to, say, a region of Central Asia, makes all his statements and all his representations under the comforting sense that there are few who will be able to contradict him. And this is the flattering notion which M. Sardou must have laid to himself when writing for his fellow-countrymen about the society of New York. His reckoning was probably imprudent. There are enough traveled Parisians to set him and his neighbors right. Even the French will not believe that in New-York society divorce is so common that it is no unusual thing for a woman to introduce, with great *sang-froid*, her second husband to her first. They will not believe that an American girl will go away to Saratoga for a day or two with a young Frenchman who happens to admire her, nor will they believe that New-York men of business may, with impunity, sell people irreclaimable marshes at the price of real estate. And even

if they believe all this—not one word of which can they believe, despite the common Parisian credulity—they would still demand that a comedy should contain something to laugh at; and that a dramatic work which takes three hours to act should contain more than one dramatic situation—more than one moment of serious interest. M. Sardou's latest comedy is a thing of the wildest improbability, unrelieved by wit. It is admirably acted; and it showed to the Parisians 'some new thing,' and so they went to see it at the Vandeleur; but the play itself was condemned, wherever common-sense remained."

Balfe's posthumous opera, "Il Talismano," in which Madame Nilsson recently sang the leading part of *Edith Plantagenet*, at Her Majesty's Opera, in London, is thus spoken of by the *Musical World*: "That 'Il Talismano' is destined to become one of the most generally attractive of its composer's works there cannot, in our opinion, be a doubt. It contains a more than usually liberal share of those characteristic melodies which proclaim Balfe's individuality, and to which, in a great measure, he owed his wide acceptance as, after his manner, the operatic English composer of his day. Among them are 'Piacida note' ('Edith's Prayer'), sung by Madame Christine Nilsson; 'Candido fiore' ('The Rose song') and 'A to coll'aure una sera,' both by Signor Campanini; 'La guerra appena' ('Romance of Navarre'), the 'Cauzione d'Evelina,' and 'Nelle dolce trepidanza'—the first by Madlle. Marie Roze, the second and third by Madame Nilsson. These all bear the true stamp of their author; and some of them—the 'Rose song' especially, which Mr. Sims Reeves (for whom it was expressly written) introduced not long since at his benefit in the Royal Albert Hall—are already making their way into our concert-rooms, where the name of 'Balfe' has always exercised a spell."

On the 21st of June the head of the house of Mendelssohn & Co. died at Berlin, after long suffering. This was the Councillor of Trade, Paul Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, brother of the famous composer and of Mrs. Fanny Hensel, and grandson of Moses Mendelssohn. The parents of the deceased had already gone over to Christianity, and the father had taken the additional name of Bartholdy. The deceased, also a thorough and practised musician and highly cultured man, was for a long time an unpaid Stadt-rath. His death leaves a gap in the body of magistrates. His house was a place of meeting for notabilities in art and science.

During the past season of 1873-'74 (a season of ten months) fifty-three operas and eleven ballets were performed at the Imperial Opera-House, Vienna. Meyerbeer furnished forty-seven performances; Wagner, forty-seven; Verdi, thirty-one; Donizetti, twenty-eight; Gounod, twenty-seven; Weber, twenty-five; Thomas, twenty; Mozart, seventeen; Halévy, ten; Bellini, eight; Auber, eight; Nicolai, eight; Rossini, six; Beethoven, five; Schumann, five; Gluck, three; Lortzing, three; Marschner, two; and Flotow, one.

The young Norwegian musician, Edward Grieg, has suddenly become famous. He was born at Bergen, in Norway, in 1843. When a child, his talents attracted the attention of Ole Bull. In 1863 he was sent to the Conservatory at Leipsic to study. In 1863 he was at Copenhagen with Niels Gade. The *Musikalisches Wochentblatt* calls Grieg "the Scandinavian Chopin."

## Science and Invention.

WHEN the methods for the manufacture of butter from beef-suet were first proposed, we gave a detailed description of them, though hardly believing that oleomargarine would so soon become a regular article of trade and diet. Already several large factories have been established for the manufacture of this commodity, and it has been found to meet, in a satisfactory way, a decided need. So long as there is no attempt at deception in the disposal of the manufactured butter in place of the genuine article, we see no reason for condemning its use, since it is, in fact, only

a more pleasing form of suet, from which certain distasteful ingredients have been removed. As was natural, however, the dealers in genuine butter have much fault to find with its proposed substitute, *butterine*, and the judgment of chemists has been sought with a view to discourage its use. The question is certainly one of great importance to both dairy-men and consumers, for which reason we are prompted to give the full report on the subject as prepared for the *Chemical News* by Dr. J. Campbell Brown. It will be observed that certain of the tests here given are so simple that an intelligent housewife need have little fear of being imposed upon. The report is as follows: "Its general appearance, taste, and consistency, are very similar to those of ordinary butter; but, notwithstanding that its solidifying-point is lower than that of some butters, it retains much of the peculiar crumbly texture and fracture of dripping. . . . It softens at 78° Fahr., and melts at 89°; when heated and slowly cooled, it obscures the thermometer at 62°, and solidifies at 60°. It contains—

Water	11.25 to 8.5
Salt	1.08 to 5.5
Curd	0.57 to 0.6
Fat	87.15 to 85.4
Coloring-matter	—
	100.00

The fat consists of oleine, palmitin, margarine (?), a trace of stearine, and about five or six per cent. of butter. When dissolved in about four times its weight of ether, and allowed to evaporate spontaneously, it does not deposit any fat until more than half of the ether has passed off, and, if the temperature is not below 60°, the deposit is not solid. The first deposit, when dried, fuses at 108°; the second deposit fuses at 88°, and solidifies at 64°. Under the microscope, butterine does not appear to consist of acicular crystals of fat, but of irregular masses, containing a few butter-globules, particles of curd, and crystals of salt. With polarized light, the irregular crystalline structure is beautifully seen, and is clearly distinguishable from butter which has been melted and recondensed. When old and rancid, it acquires the odor and taste of dripping, but it keeps longer undecomposed than butter. When fresh, it is a wholesome substitute for real butter, and, if not brought into the market as butter, no one can reasonably take exception to its sale. Butterine may be detected by the following characters: 1. Its crumbly fracture; 2. Its loss of color when kept melted for a short time at 212°; 3. The behavior of its ethereal solution; 4. Its action on polarized light."

The Paris Minister of Justice has lately published an interesting document, giving the statistics of suicides committed in that city during the last five years. As we have before us a similar report on "suicidal mania" in New York and Brooklyn, a comparison may prove of interest. The New-York report is from April 7th to June 12th of the present year, and foots up twenty-nine. In these, preference seems to have been given to those methods known to be accompanied by the greatest bodily pain—that is, by poison. Of the ten in this list, five chose Paris-green; two laudanum; two arsenic; and one oxalic acid. The Paris report for five years shows a preference for strangulation on the part of the men, and drowning on the part of the women. Out of the twenty-nine New-York suicides, but seven sought death by hanging, and not one by drowning. This latter fact is the more surprising, since the Brooklyn list gives a majority by drowning. In reviewing the causes that

led to these suicides, the Paris report contains certain significant facts, one of which appears in the statement that "the loss of friends caused forty-five suicides, of which only seven were women." Continuing down the list, we learn that filial misconduct led to the suicide of thirteen parents; embarrassed circumstances and debt, to two hundred ; losses in gambling, to ten ; disappointed love, to ninety-six, equally divided between the sexes ; and jealousy to twenty, eighteen of whom were men. Sad as are these details, there would seem to be furnished by them themes for thought, not alone to the romancist and humanitarian, but also to the metaphysician, whose duty it is to account for these differences between the sexes as regards their emotional natures.

At a recent meeting of the members of the French Academy of Inscriptions, the Rev. P. Verdier read a most interesting paper upon the ancient emigration of the Canaanites from Palestine to the north of Africa, where they planted flourishing colonies in the fourteenth century before our era, the most famous of which was Carthaginia. The closest relations always existed between the city of Tyre and the Phoenician colonies of the north of Africa—and the numerous inscriptions found in the vicinity of Tyre, Carthage, Leptis, and Tripoli, prove that the inhabitants of those localities were only different branches of the same original stock—who for many centuries cultivated each other's relations in unbroken harmony. In the neighborhood of Carthage was found the following inscription : "Put to flight by the brigand Joshua, we, the princes of the Canaanites, have come here to dwell." Another, found near Tripoli, says : "Defeated by Joshua, the Canaanites, flying for their lives, passed into Africa, and sailed toward Tarsis."

The *Manufacturer and Builder* describes Hatzfeld's new method of preserving wood as follows : "It seems that, in 1830, specimens of oak were dug up in Rouen, which had been buried since the year 1150. This wood was quite sound, but had acquired a black color like ebony, and an astonishing hardness. Hatzfeld ascribed its preservation to the joint action of the tannin in the wood and the oxides of iron in the soil. Accordingly, he now proposes to preserve wood artificially by means of tannin and the pyrolignite of iron, a combination which would, in some measure, bring about the same changes noticed in the specimens from Rouen. Hatzfeld impregnates the wood to be preserved first with tannin, and subsequently with the pyrolignite solution. The latter substance has long been used alone as a preservative of the best character, and it is doubtful whether the addition of the tannin, as proposed by Hatzfeld, will prove of sufficient advantage to warrant the extra expense."

Dr. Sequin, whose opinion on questions regarding the health and general treatment of children is highly esteemed, is said to recommend the adoption of family thermometers ; that is, that mothers should make themselves familiar with the use of the thermometer in ascertaining the temperature of the body in children. What this temperature should be in health being known, any change would serve to indicate the presence or approach of disease, and the amount of this change would indicate the character of the threatened disease. As the method of applying the test is, from its very nature, a simple one, it is only needed that the mother should learn the significance of the changes to be prepared for subsequent treatment. As the information needed may

obtained readily, there seems no reason why these suggestions should not be adopted.

From a recent report on "Yellow Fever," we learn that this disease has never "appeared in any climate at the height of twenty-five hundred feet. In the island of Dominica a hill-top not more than fifteen hundred feet high is always healthy, even when the fever is epidemic at its base. In San Domingo, similar observations have been made. The highest elevation at which yellow fever has occurred in the United States is four hundred and sixty feet, in Arkansas; and the medical men of that country now hold that the stratum of air infected by the poison is heavier than pure air, and therefore sinks, and they recommend that, in unhealthy districts, houses and buildings should be built on tall piles, so as to be above the fever-stratum. But where hills are near, the best remedy will be to carry the patients up to a height of five hundred feet.

It is announced that the Bessemer saloon-steamer, an illustrated description of which recently appeared in the JOURNAL, is approaching completion. One has been plated in, and is being fitted with engines and boilers while on the stocks. The Bessemer saloon—the novel feature of the work—is seventy feet long, twenty-six feet wide, and unusually high. There will be a complete system of hydraulic machinery, by the aid of which the level of the saloon will be regulated, as also the companion and steering apparatus. The engineering fraternity join with the traveling public in the interest manifested in the progress of the movement. Should the vessel prove a success, we may look for an entire remodeling of our ocean service in accordance with the plans as proposed by Mr. Bessemer.

The American Association for the Advancement of Science will hold its twenty-third annual meeting at Hartford, on the 12th of August. The officers-elect are as follows : President, Dr. J. L. Le Conte, Philadelphia; Vice-President, Professor C. S. Lyman, New Haven; Permanent Secretary, F. W. Putnam, Salem, Massachusetts; General Secretary, Dr. A. C. Hamlin, Bangor; Treasurer, William S. Vaux, Philadelphia. The British Association for the Advancement of Science will hold its forty-fourth meeting at Belfast, Ireland, commencing on the 19th of August. The President-elect is Professor Tyndall.

### Contemporary Sayings.

FRESH fuel has been added to the subject of creation in England. Dr. Wordsworth, Bishop of Lincoln, having preached a sermon in Westminster Abbey against this manner of disposing of the dead, taking for his text Matthew xxvi. 12, has been taken to task for the lack of scientific knowledge which he exhibited. "In his sermon preached last Sunday," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "the bishop, we are told, 'denounced in indignant terms the attempt which was now being made to introduce the custom of burning the dead.' He could not, he said, 'conceive any thing more barbarous and unnatural, and one of the very first fruits of its adoption would be to undermine the faith of mankind in the doctrine of the resurrection of the body, and so bring about a most disastrous social revolution, the end of which it was not easy to foretell.' A bishop, of course, speaks in a certain sense as an expert as to what will or will not affect the faith of his flock ; but, if this faith is really based upon so very unstable a foundation as the bishop assumes, we can only regret his indiscretion in calling attention to the fact. For it amounts to no less than an admission that the general belief in this dogma will not survive

the discovery of the fact, of which the bishop himself is, of course, aware, that a buried body undergoes precisely the same chemical process as a burnt body, only that the process is slowly instead of speedily performed." The author of a letter in the *Examiner* is more severe in his criticism. The letter says : "Will our readers believe that Dr. Wordsworth objects to the burning of the bodies because 'one of its first fruits would be to undermine the faith of mankind in the doctrine of the resurrection of the body, and so bring about a most disastrous social revolution ?' In the first place, only a fraction of humanity have any full assurance of the doctrine. Secondly, interment does not prevent corruption, or the resolution of the mortal frame into its elements, which return to earth, 'ashes to ashes, dust to dust,' manure the ground, supply the materials of vegetation, and pass through the bodies of ruminant animals in the form of grass and herbage. Thirdly, the bishop ought to know, as an editor of the Greek Testament, that the new spiritual body differs from the old in kind, and that 'flesh and blood, according to Scripture, cannot inherit the kingdom of God.' The Egyptians who embalmed their corpses were at least consistent. We must make mummies if we would preserve our dead, but then we should have, as they say at Smithfield, to 'sink the offal,' and be in the unhappy condition of beings without 'bowels.' "

Those much-abused people, the Wall Street brokers, find a champion in the *Boston Post*, which perhaps does not know much about them : "Before and since the panic," says the *Post*, "enough has been said and written about Wall Street and its peculiar morale to excite the suspicion that it was daily devoted to the occupancy of a class of beings either more or less than human. A merciless way of alluding to the broker-denizens of that thoroughfare of stocks and shares has tended to load up its flitting population with responsibilities which the public judgment is never at leisure to justly assort. For this, among other reasons, it is a kind of Providence that comes along occasionally to give the brokers a chance to set the outside world right in regard to them. When it comes down to the demonstration of the thing, it is discovered that they are not nearly of so dismal a color as they have been painted. If they have to display special activity of intellect in the calculating department in order to shave off a living from other people's havings, they are far from being so materialized by their pursuit as not to recognize a true charity and to respond in the downright manner. The hat having been recently passed around among them for a dollar or two to help forward the poor children's excursion scheme in New York, they surprised the community and delighted the little beneficiaries with a plump and solid return of fifteen hundred dollars, which, added to the previous fund in hand, enables the directors of these excursions to give two more, with outfit complete, to the young creatures of the metropolis, that many of them never saw a green field or a park of trees in their lives. Pass up the praises for the brokers to the front. They know when to do a good thing, and, better than many others, they know how it should be done."

Commenting upon the regatta at Saratoga, the *Home Journal* says : "Such are the requirements of the day and country in which we live, that a certain amount of physical endurance is absolutely necessary for the attainment of success in most of the professions and business occupations in which men engage. It is better to have a fine form, a strong arm, a good digestive apparatus, and a small head, than it is to possess an overdevelopment of the mental and nervous systems, with a weak body. So if the course of physical instruction pursued at some of our colleges succeeds in balancing the two essential conditions to success, it will meet with the hearty approval of all sensible men. All the students of a college should indulge in rowing, base-ball, gymnastics, racing, etc., that the health of all may be improved ; and it should be considered a grave error for any institution to graduate a dyspeptic, a weak, nervous, or feeble man." All of which, it seems to us, is much more sensible than the following conclusion of the *Cincinnati Commercial* on the same subject : "All the crews, we are told, have been affected deleteriously by the prolonged anxiety. There

were loss of sleep, heated discussion, and unwholesome excitement, for three days at least, and when the race was over it is not surprising that one of the Columbia boys fainted. The only surprise is that more of the young men did not immediately show the effects of reaction. The intense strain of the nervous system, added to rigid diet and severe practice, cannot be beneficial. To be sure, young and robust constitutions can stand severe taxation, but it must tell against them in the long-run. It is our opinion, which this Saratoga performance confirms, that they are fruitful of more evil than good, and ought not to receive the encouragement of grave collegiate presidents, learned professors, and reverend clergy."

The *Saturday Review* gives the following very calm and philosophic paragraph on tastes in suicide, a subject which has its cheerful side, apparently, as well as others: "The popularity of different forms of suicide is not a proof that the form adopted is really the most painless, but it is a proof that it is the least terrifying to the imagination. The question as to the best mode of performing the operation is often discussed, but, unluckily, the results are rather ambiguous. Few persons who commit suicide, in fact, are cool enough to set about their end in a business-like manner. A soldier naturally shoots himself because he has the materials always at hand. Women, it is said, incline in a general way to hanging because they have contracted an aversion to fire-arms, which remains with them—though it must be admitted that the logical process is not very sound—even when the dangerous character of an implement should be its chief recommendation. Drowning, again, has recommendations to many people, not on account of its intrinsic merit, but because rivers are always handy, and because, in many cases, a voluntary performance may be easily mistaken for an accident. The choice would appear to depend generally upon the peculiarity of temperament which makes it pleasantest for one person to plunge at once into cold water, and for another to sink in by degrees. A man with vigorous nerves likes to take the shock and have done with it. A more excitable person generally shrinks from the shock even more than from the change which it introduces, and dreads nothing which can be brought about by slow degrees. The French school of suicide has distinguished itself by its fondness for the charcoal process, which to Englishmen generally suggests associations, unpleasant even at the moment of death, of stiffness, headache, and discomfort."

"The United States," says the *New-York Tribune*, "would perhaps do well not to complain too loudly of brigandage in other countries until the authorities of Philadelphia have gained at least some clew to the fate of little Charlie Ross. A child has been kidnapped in broad day, and ever since the afflicted father has been in active correspondence with some unknown criminals for the return of his boy. To this hour there is nothing to indicate who the stealers are, who the unknown correspondents are, whether there is any connection between them, or whether the latter are not merely preparing an independent plot to extort money from the father's sorrow. A notorious rascal has been arrested on suspicion of writing the letters, but, even if he wrote them, it by no means follows that he knows anything about the child. These failures show the occasional impotence of all the appliances of civilization when confronted by cunning and audacious crime. It is no exaggeration to say that, in addition to the police of Philadelphia, and those of other cities who have been informed of the case and requested to assist in it, there are thousands of people, all over Pennsylvania and adjoining States, eagerly anxious to aid in the rescue of the stolen child and the punishment of the miscreants who have kidnapped him. But all this mass of sympathy and will is as yet useless against the vulgar adroitness of one or two thieves."

The *Christian at Work* is of opinion that "there is scarcely a Gothic church-edifice in this city, beautiful as it may be, which, for the practical purposes of a church-building, is not a failure;" all this because "the want of to-day in our church-buildings is an architecture which shall concentrate the whole congregation upon the pulpit, so that everybody in the church may see and hear the

minister. Such an architecture is offered in the several adaptations of the amphitheatre," which is an assumption based upon the idea that preaching is the leading purpose of church attendance—a theory by no means universally accepted.

The *Saturday Review* thinks that Marshal MacMahon's observation, that it is only necessary to organize the Septennate, is an easy one for the marshal to make, but not for the Assembly to follow: "The good advice of the marshal is not, we fear, very unlike saying to a party of goaty old gentlemen that the candles are lighted, and the music is begun, and that there is nothing wanting but that they should organize a quadrille."

In the present controversy about sex in education, Professor Huxley has intervened with some sensible and reassuring words. Speaking the other day at a meeting in connection with a projected high-class school for girls at St. John's Wood, he said that he was no believer in the idea that women were the equals of men in regard to endurance and intellectual power. But he added that he considered study as eminently conducive to the health of both sexes.

## The Record.

### A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

JULY 17.—Terrible storm passed over Lowell, Mass., doing great damage.

Advices from Spain that the Carlists have abandoned the siege of Puigcerda. A large fire reported to be raging in Galata, a suburb of Constantinople.

JULY 18.—Advices from Spain that sixteen hundred hostages have been seized by the Carlists.

Ratifications of the French postal convention were exchanged at the Post-Office Department.

Advices that the British Government is unwilling to accept the cession of the Feejee Islands under the conditions imposed.

The university regatta takes place at Saratoga. The Columbia crew wins. Time, 16.42m.

JULY 19.—Boston and Maine House, at Old Orchard, Me., destroyed by fire.

There is a ministerial crisis in France. The Duke de Broglie has been unable to form a ministry on account of the opposition of the Legitimists to an organization of MacMahon's powers.

Advices from Spain that the whole country has been declared in a state of siege, and that the city of Cuenca has surrendered to the Carlists.

JULY 20.—Advices that a column of Spanish troops have defeated a body of Cuban insurgents in the hills of Bijarri.

News that fifteen miners have been killed by a colliery-explosion at Wigan, England, on the 18th.

JULY 21.—In the French Assembly yesterday General de Clasey announced that M. de Chabaud La Ton had been appointed Minister of the Interior, and M. Mathieu Bodet Minister of Finance.

Experienced frontiersmen express the opinion that the late Indian raid into Fort Steele indicates the approach of a general Indian war.

Theodore Tilton's statement to the investigating committee of Plymouth Church published in the morning journals.

Ex-Attorney-General Clarke, of Manitoba, the prosecutor of the kidnappers of "Lord" Gordon, was brutally beaten in St. Paul, Minn.

JULY 22.—Advices from Europe that the French Government will declare its opposition to M. Casimir-Périer's bill on Thursday. Don Carlos has issued a manifesto guaranteeing religious toleration. The fall of Cuenca is confirmed by reports from Madrid. France will insist upon the exclusion of naval questions from consideration by the Brussels Congress.

Commutation of the sentence of death against the American, Dockray, tried as a spy in Cuba, to ten years' imprisonment.

The Columbia crew were cordially received on their arrival, President Barnard making a congratulatory speech.

More Indian fighting is reported; Secretary Belknap has issued instructions for the pursuit and punishment of the marauding bands.

JULY 23.—Advices from France that the deputies of the Left are circulating petitions for the dissolution of the French Assembly.

News from Spain that General Zabala has sent eight battalions of troops to reinforce the Republicans in the province of Cuenca. The Carlists are in strong force in the province of Alava, between Miranda and Vitoria.

The Secretary of War has countermanded his order for troops to be sent to Vicksburg.

## Notices.

**RAGS AND TAGS** never come on the soles of ENGLISH CHANNEL Shoes. Pretty feet should always be encased in them. Be sure you don't buy any thing else. Look on the sole, and you will see where the channel is cut.

**A SQUARE STATEMENT.**—The old, original, and reliable "Travelers, of Hartford," is out with its twenty-first semi-annual statement, showing solid assets of nearly three million dollars, well invested for the security of policy-holders. After paying out nearly two millions in benefit to holders of its general accident policies, it still has a surplus of nearly a million. It is one of the soundest, and at the same time one of the most progressive, life companies in the country.

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